

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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*Made by the same process as Champagne*



BY APPOINTMENT CIDER MAKERS  
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THE VAPOUR  
from the handy  
POCKET INHALER

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Is famed for his capacious beak.  
Guinness provides the reason why—  
His bill is for a week's supply.



# Follow the sun to Bermuda

To Bermuda:  
**CARONIA** Dec. 10th  
**BRITANNIC** Jan. 17th  
From Bermuda:  
**PARTHIA** Feb. 22nd

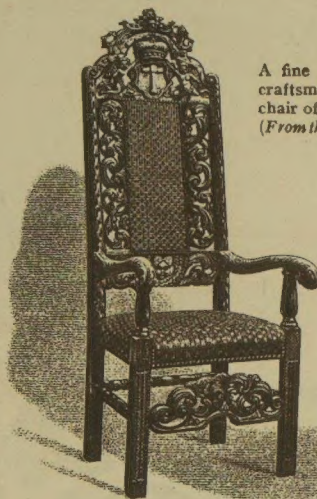
In enchanted Bermuda you will enjoy sunshine, play and relaxation under blue skies. Sail to this "sterling area" paradise in the gracious living of the incomparable *CARONIA*, Britain's largest post-war liner, or the superb *BRITANNIC*.

Return direct by the *PARTHIA* or from New York by any Cunard passenger sailing.



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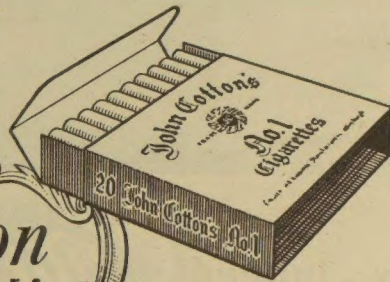


A fine example of 17th century Scottish craftsmanship in carving—the Deacon's chair of the Hammermen's Craft.  
(From the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh)

*In a famous  
Scottish  
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That Scottish habit of making things uncommonly well is nobly upheld to-day by John Cotton No. 1 Cigarettes. But then they begin with a natural advantage... for behind this cool and mellow leaf is all John Cotton's generations of experience in making fine tobacco. It assures you a cigarette of infinite pleasure; fragrant, cool-smoking and offering a satisfaction that, once enjoyed, will enrol you for life in the ever-growing circle of John Cotton devotees.

No. 1 Cigarettes 3/11 for 20  
Also John Cotton Tobacco  
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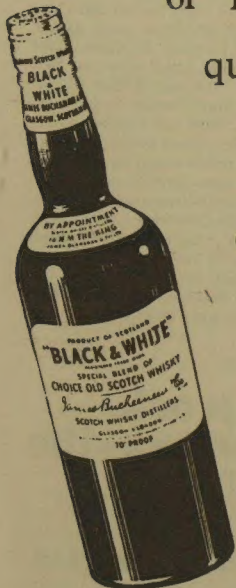


FOUNDED IN EDINBURGH IN 1770

By Appointment Cigar Merchants  
to the late King George VI.

## At home or away

There is nothing to equal "Black & White" whether enjoyed at home or away. This special blend of fine Scotch whiskies has a quality which puts it distinctly in a class of its own.



# "BLACK & WHITE"

## SCOTCH WHISKY

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By Appointment  
Scotch Whisky Distillers  
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James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.





## Under the bonnet!

"Clever chaps keep on producing new car engines" said the Colonel. "But few show exhilarating power; there's nothing to touch the Riley."

"And so it should be" said the young engineer. "Wasn't the Riley engine developed from one of the most successful racing engines ever built? And hasn't it been improved constantly?"

"You can't tell me anything about that, young man" said the Colonel. "I was winning trials events in a Riley when you were chauffeur driven in a perambulator."

2½ litre Saloon • 1½ litre Saloon

Yes, indeed!



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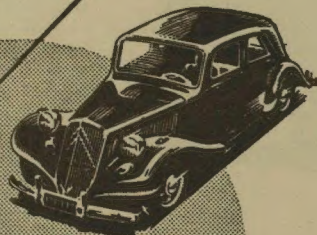
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EUROPE'S LARGEST CAR HIRE OPERATORS

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Godfrey Davis supply you with only the finest cars—all serviced and maintained in top condition. For first class engine performance and constant protection, each car is lubricated with



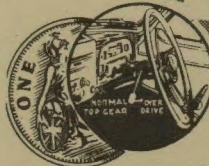
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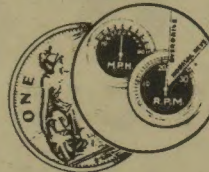
**GODFREY DAVIS—the first name in car hire**



Finger-tip movement of gear lever operates Overdrive.



No movement of foot controls whilst changing into or out of Overdrive.



Large decrease in engine revs. when Overdrive comes into use.

Sorry there has been no reduction in the price of petrol, the Budget increase is still on; but we can show you how to save FIVE PENNIES in every gallon.

On a car equipped with the Laycock-de Normanville Overdrive there is an assured petrol saving of 10% plus. To quote "The Motor" test report May 28, '52, "At constant speeds, the improvement varied from approximately 12% to 19%." Now that's quite an item out of your monthly petrol bill—worth thinking about!

Not only are you saving petrol costs, but reducing engine wear owing to a considerable reduction in engine revs when the overdrive comes into use.

The Laycock-de Normanville Overdrive is fitted as an optional extra on Standard Vanguard and Triumph Renown cars, and will soon be seen on a number of other British cars.

See your dealer to-day! and make sure that your new car will be so fitted. If you want more information, we will gladly mail it.

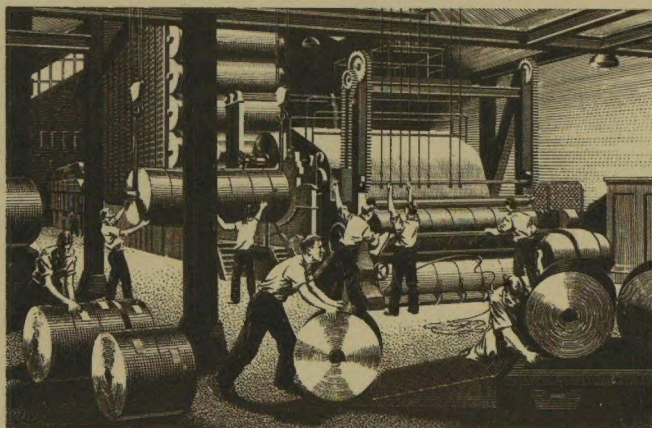


Manufactured by

LAYCOCK ENGINEERING LTD., MILLHOUSES, SHEFFIELD, 8, ENGLAND.

UNDER EXCLUSIVE LICENCE FROM AUTO TRANSMISSIONS LTD., COVENTRY, ENG.





## a vital industry

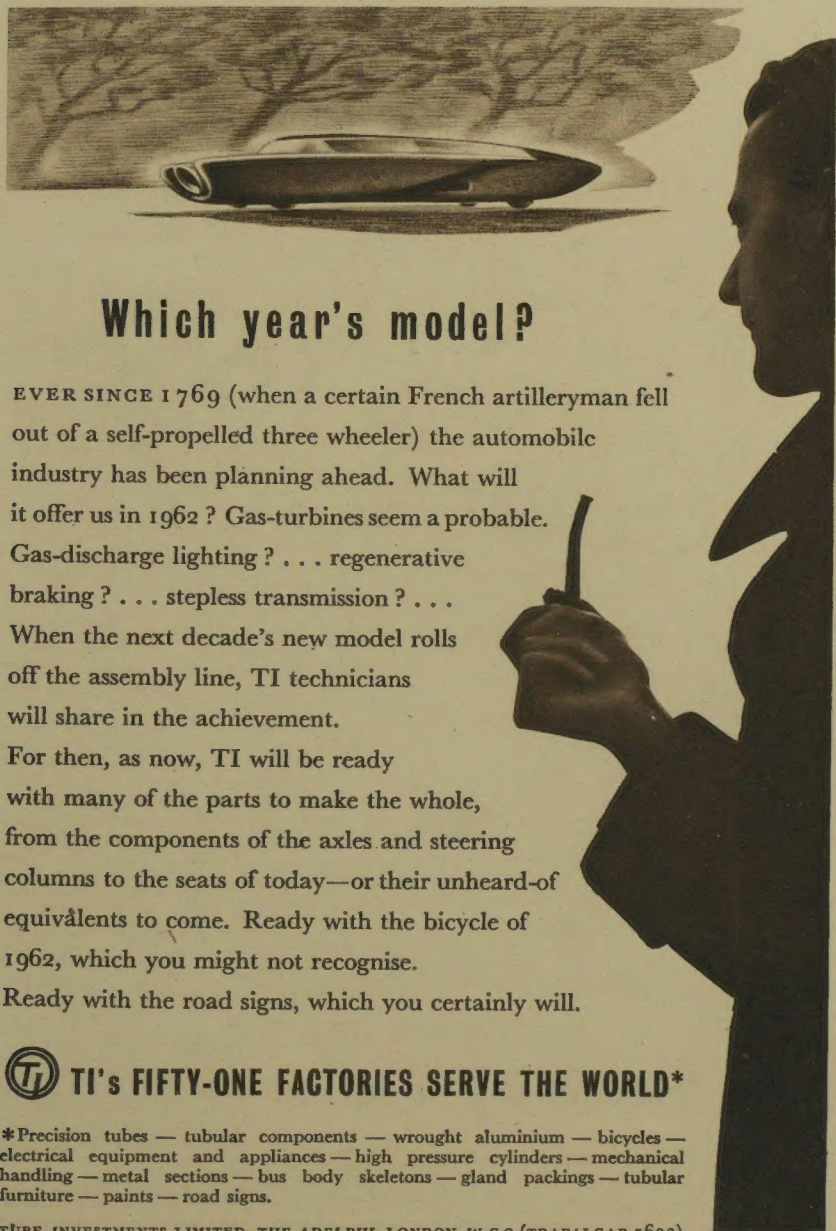
The Thames Board Mills' story is one of vision and enterprise. Here is an organization known wherever British-made "cardboard" is used; proud to be the largest of its kind in the British Empire. Here, modern craftsmen, with their mammoth machines, transform tiny fibres into thousands of tons of "THAMES BOARD" a week. Large reels, small reels, sheets of many sizes, white, brown, grey and coloured—vital board to pack millions of pounds-worth of British goods or to bind books and to make ceilings and walls in buildings of all kinds.

Food, soap, clothing, footwear, medical supplies, hardware, electrical apparatus—all manner of goods—need the protection of cartons made from "THAMES BOARD," plus (of course) "FIBERITE" PACKING CASES, to get them safely to market.

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*Manufacturers of*  
"THAMES BOARD" for cartons and other uses;  
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TR 1-1543



## Which year's model?

EVER SINCE 1769 (when a certain French artilleryman fell out of a self-propelled three wheeler) the automobile industry has been planning ahead. What will it offer us in 1962? Gas-turbines seem a probable. Gas-discharge lighting? . . . regenerative braking? . . . stepless transmission? . . . When the next decade's new model rolls off the assembly line, TI technicians will share in the achievement. For then, as now, TI will be ready with many of the parts to make the whole, from the components of the axles and steering columns to the seats of today—or their unheard-of equivalents to come. Ready with the bicycle of 1962, which you might not recognise. Ready with the road signs, which you certainly will.

**TI's FIFTY-ONE FACTORIES SERVE THE WORLD\***

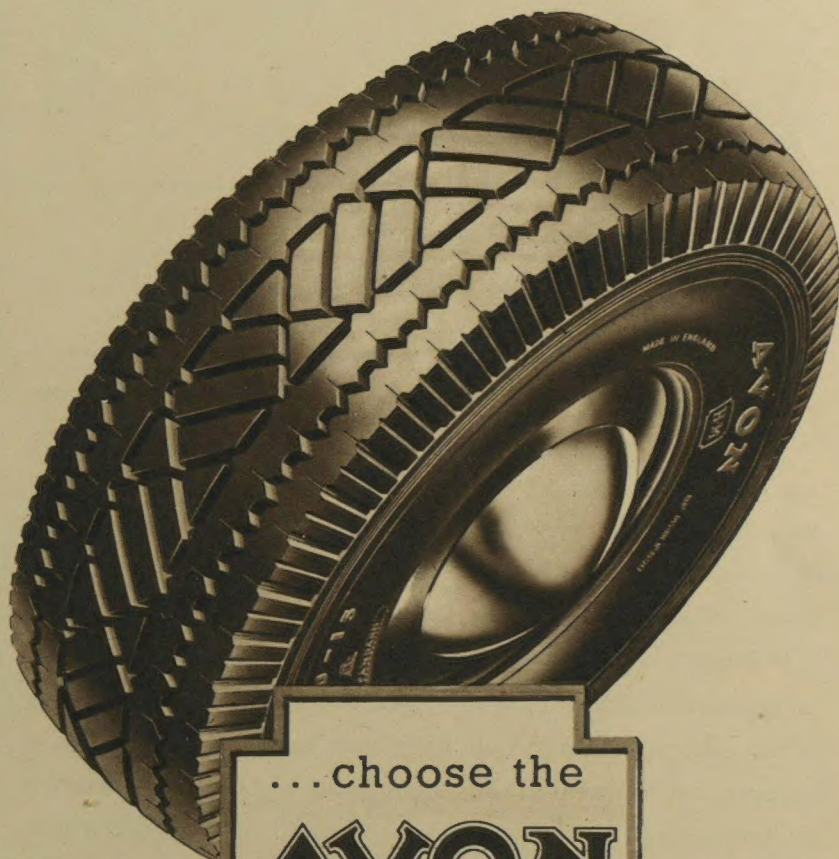
\*Precision tubes — tubular components — wrought aluminium — bicycles — electrical equipment and appliances — high pressure cylinders — mechanical handling — metal sections — bus body skeletons — gland packings — tubular furniture — paints — road signs.

TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED, THE ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2 (TRAFALGAR 5633)



but for

# higher mileage



...choose the

**AVON**  
**H·M**

It **LOWERS** the cost of motoring!





**H**EAD OF A WARRIOR, a study in red chalk, for the cartoon of "The Battle of Anghiari", by Leonardo da Vinci, now in the Museum of Fine Arts, Budapest. Tragically, when the design was transferred to the wall of the Hall of Council, in Florence, the colours ran and the result was a failure. All that now remains of the cartoon itself are a number of studies of fighting men and horses, which were drawn by Leonardo on paper.

If it had not been for the paper on which Leonardo made his preliminary studies in 1504 all record of one of the greatest works of this amazing genius would have been lost to posterity. And it is paper that has enabled this superb study of a head to be seen by millions throughout the world. In the reproduction of great works of art the printer and the paper-maker have combined to bring the masterpieces of the world to those denied an opportunity of visiting the famous art galleries. The spread of culture depends on paper. On it the heritage of the past is constantly renewed, for on paper reprinting can retain knowledge and culture for ever.



THE BOWATER PAPER CORPORATION LIMITED  
GREAT BRITAIN • UNITED STATES OF AMERICA • CANADA  
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*These facts are published to show what British enterprise can achieve in spite of difficulties.*

## It can be done

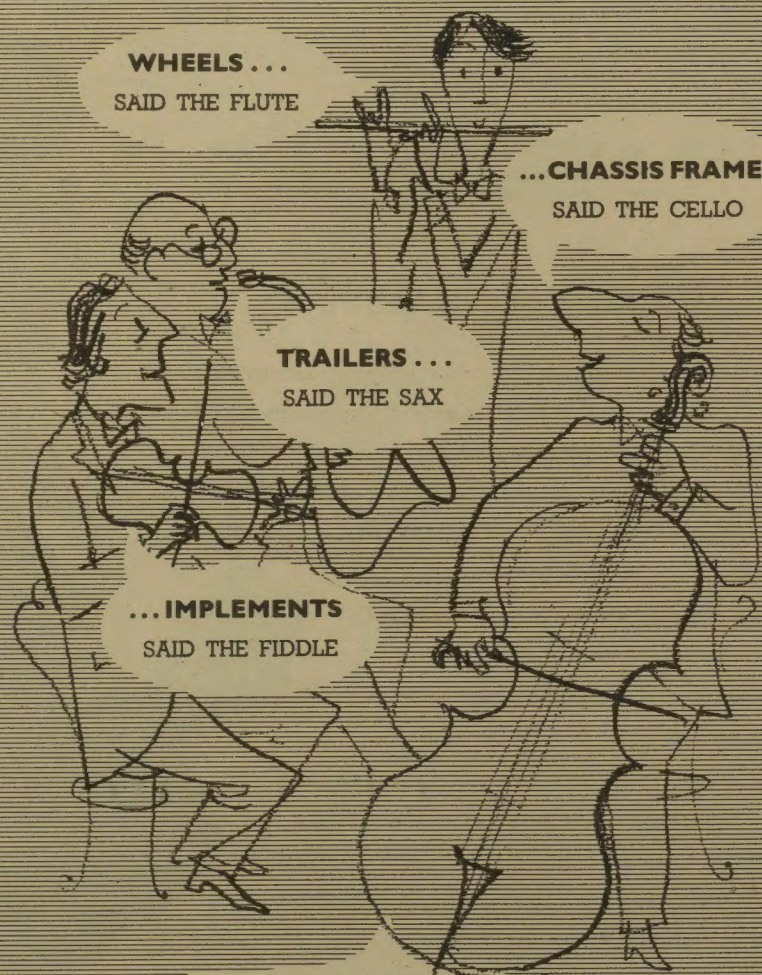
On the 18th May 1952, Benghazi's new power station was opened by His Majesty King Idris of Libya. This was the first project carried out by a British contractor in Cyrenaica. The consulting engineers were Mackness and Shipley.

When the work began, the province was still suffering from the effects of war. Plant and materials—other than sand, of which there was more than enough—were carried from Britain and transhipped at

Tripoli, for Benghazi harbour was badly damaged. Local labour was not yet trained in modern construction methods. There were dock strikes and shortages in Britain, drought in Cyrenaica. But the work was completed on time. The organisation which carried this job through is also engaged in construction works in Syria, Mauritius, Northern and Southern Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa, besides its activities in Britain.

**LAING**

JOHN LAING AND SON LIMITED. Building and Civil Engineering Contractors  
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1952.



**"IN THE DARKNESS OF A SINGLE NIGHT PART OF LYNMOUTH HAS DISAPPEARED FOR EVER": THE MAIN STREET OF THE NORTH DEVONSHIRE SEASIDE RESORT AFTER THE VILLAGE HAD BEEN INUNDATED BY THE RIVER LYN.**

During the night of August 15 the East and West Lyn rivers, which join at Lynmouth, swollen by floodwaters from Exmoor, broke their banks and brought death and destruction to the little seaside resort. On August 18 twelve bodies had been recovered from the floodwater and thirty-one persons were reported

to be missing, of whom twenty-four were presumed to be dead. On August 16 the entire population and people on holiday in the village were evacuated and military detachments started to assist workmen in clearing away the great boulders and other debris blocking the roads.





THE storm which struck North Devon and West Somerset on Friday night, August 15, brought disaster to an area extending over some 250 square miles. The coast from Dunster to Lynton suffered, and the ground inland through Dulverton to Tiverton and on westward to South Molton was affected. One of the most distressing episodes of this attack by the forces of Nature on one of the loveliest parts of England occurred at Filleigh, near South Molton. A Manchester Boy Scouts' camp was flooded, and though the officer in charge, the curate of Christ Church, Moss Side, swam about in the dark trying to collect the boys, three were drowned. Many bridges were destroyed by the force of the waters and the uprooted trees and great boulders hurled like

(LEFT) SHAKEN AND BATTERED BY THE FORCE OF THE FLOOD, WHOSE ANGST, WHIRLING WATERS ARE SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND, RUINED BUILDINGS AT LYNMOUTH, THE TOWN MOST SERIOUSLY DAMAGED.



BEARING A HUGE TREE ON THE ANGRY, FOAMING WATERS THE TORRENT SWEEPING THROUGH LYNMOUTH. THE BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND IS A LIFEBOAT STATION FROM WHICH THE LIFEBOAT IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN SWIFT BY THE FURIOUS WATERS.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE STORM WHICH STRUCK NORTH DEVON AND WEST SOMERSET WITH UNPRECEDENTED

battering rams against the masonry. Bayford Bridge, north of South Molton; Challacombe Bridge, between Blackmoor Gate and Simonsbath; and the bridge over the East Lyn at Lynmouth (the town which suffered the most severe damage) were among those swept away. In the neighbourhood of Exford, where cottages were wrecked and electricity and gas cut off, the piers of a road bridge are badly damaged, and along various roads uprooted trees and gaps in the river bank mark the passage of the storm. Among other damage done at Dulverton, a garage beside the Exe was ripped open and a dozen cars borne away by the furious waters. Our photographs picture the astonishing damage done to dwelling-houses.

(RIGHT) WITH THE WHOLE FRONT TORN OUT OF HALF THE BUILDING, A HOTEL AT LYNMOUTH, WHERE HUGE BOULDERS WERE HURLED AGAINST THE HOUSES, CAUSING THE MASONRY TO DISINTEGRATE.



SHOWING HOW THE FRONTS OF HOUSES COLLAPSED AND FELL INTO THE WATERS: A VIEW IN LYNMOUTH. A CAR IS VISIBLE IN A GARAGE WITHOUT DOORS, AND PLATES STILL STAND IN THE RACK OF A RUINED CAFE, WHILE THE FURNISHINGS OF ROOMS ON THREE FLOORS OF A FRONTLESS-HOUSE ARE REVEALED.

VIOLENCE: RUINED HOUSES, BATTERED BY FLOODS, AND THEIR BURDEN OF BOULDERS AND DÉBRIS.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A MILE or two away from my home on the wild Dorset coast lies Worbarrow Bay—before the war, in the view of many, the most beautiful bay in England. Here the chalk, shutting out the limestone and shale of the gloomy cliffs to the eastward, sweeps down to the sea, making a curving wall of glittering white, broken by the sudden and graceful fall of Arish Mell. Tens of thousands of English men and women, and of English boys and girls, who loved wild nature and the beauty of their native land, visited this wonderful place in the two decades between the wars without impairing either its loveliness or its essential quietude. Its effect on many of them must have been profound. I know of one young man, whose life was lost flying during the war, who wrote a few weeks before his death to his father that it was a source of strength and happiness to him to feel so conscious of what he was fighting for, and that it was symbolised for him by the Dorset cliffs. He was thinking of Worbarrow Bay. A few miles to the west lies Lulworth Cove, where Keats spent his last few hours on English soil and where he re-wrote the exquisite sonnet, so expressive of this coastline, beginning, "Bright Star, would I were constant as thou art."

During the war the Government of our country took over the Tyneham Valley, at whose foot Worbarrow lies, and turned it into a training-ground for American and British troops who were to storm the D-Day beaches—a function for which it was splendidly fitted. The inhabitants, most of whose ancestors had lived here for centuries, were evacuated from their homes at a few days' notice, were reminded that it was a sacrifice demanded by a great cause—one which these South Dorset men and women proudly, if sadly, made—and were promised that at the end of the war their loved homes and fields would be restored to them. That promise was shamelessly broken by a British Government at the end of the war, and powerful arguments—mostly of a financial kind—were produced by the appropriate Departments to justify the decision. They may have been very strong and rational arguments, but no argument whose conclusion is a public breach of faith is one that should be respected. Nor, in my view, should any Minister of the Crown who makes himself collectively responsible for such a promise—however seemingly trifling in the broad perspective of national policy—consent to hold office in any subsequent Government which refuses to honour that promise. This may sound quixotic, but a hundred years ago an English gentleman would have regarded such a pledge as one that went to the root of his personal honour. I not only believe that this was a right and wise feeling, but I am convinced that the true greatness of England lay in the fact that it was so. That it is not so to-day seems to me a far more ominous matter as regards our future—a far greater threat to Britain—than any even of the tremendous economic problems with which we are confronted. The Duke of Wellington expressed this feeling perfectly when he wrote about an administrative argument advanced for receding from the strict letter of a pledge given to an Indian ruler, "I would rather sacrifice Gwalior and every other portion of India ten times over to preserve our credit for scrupulous good faith." For, with his unfailing clear sight and good sense, he saw that all the other assets his country enjoyed depended in the last resort on her reputation and the character of her people and rulers. It is human to break pledges; it is fatally easy—especially for Governments—and it is always ultimately disastrous. It creates more problems than it solves. In the long run it never pays.

Unfortunately, those who break pledges in the political sphere are seldom those who are punished for their breach. Such punishment falls on those who inherit their fraudulent policies. In this particular case of bad faith, it is the British Army, which has been allotted this lost valley as the boundary annexe to a firing-range, that enjoys the *damnosa hereditas* of its political and administrative superiors. The greatest asset of the British Army is its high standard of honour, the highest, I believe, of any Army known to history. It is this which distinguishes it from, say, the German

Army—one equal to it in valour but far inferior to it in this rare and decisive virtue of moral character. And though it was through the War Department's, and possibly the Treasury's, responsibility—though of this I have no knowledge—that this wartime pledge was broken to a few hundred fishermen, farmers and rustic workers and craftsmen and their wives, it is the Army which is regarded as responsible, for it is the Army which enjoys, if enjoy is the right word, the use of the stolen valley to-day. And the Army, as I see it, has never, except in wartime, had the share of popular affection and esteem in this country that it so richly deserves. It has always, for very natural reasons, had to play second fiddle to the Royal Navy in this respect; and for very unnatural and bad reasons a professional soldier has too often in this country been thought of—though it is contemptible that this should be so—as an inferior kind of citizen.

#### THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR.



DAUGHTER OF H.M. THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ANNE, WHO CELEBRATED HER SECOND BIRTHDAY ON AUGUST 15.

Her Royal Highness Princess Anne Elizabeth Alice Louise, daughter of H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, is the youngest member of the House of Windsor. She was born on August 15, 1950, at Clarence House, and thus celebrated the second anniversary of her birth last week. This new photograph, her latest portrait, is an excellent likeness. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with their children, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, and Princess Margaret, arrived on August 8 at Balmoral, where they are spending the remainder of the summer. A British Railways locomotive, No. 46202, is being named after Princess Anne. (Portrait by Marcus Adams.)

In the bad old days before 1914 the rank-and-file were despised by many respectable people as a sort of wastrels. And in our own days the officers of the Regular Army have been sneered at as "blimps" or playboys by intellectuals without a tithe of their virtue, industry and good sense. Yet in 1914 the steadiness, discipline and training of the "Old Contemptibles," as the survivors of the rank-and-file of that incomparable little Regular Army still proudly call themselves, literally saved their country and the free world. And in the last war their intelligence and knowledge of their calling enabled the products of our Staff College at Camberley to master the terrible menace which the lack of intelligence and ignorance of our politicians, publicists and electorate had allowed to grow up in the wasted, purblind years after 1918. The holding of the Middle East and India, the training of the new armies, the invasion of the Continent, were superb achievements, which only the highest qualities of leadership could have brought about in the face of such immense difficulties. The names of Alanbrooke, Wavell, Dill, Montgomery, Alexander, Slim, Paget, Gort, O'Connor, Auchinleck, Dempsey, to mention only a few, should be a permanent reminder to Englishmen of how much they owe to the colleagues of Colonel Blimp. But for him the Nazis would to-day be masters of the world.

Because of this, and because of the vital need that an island-sheltered folk should realise how priceless an asset they possess in the virtues and traditions of that noble servant, the British regular soldier, it is important that those in control of our military policy should treat with particular care the parts of England temporarily committed to their charge. Everyone should appreciate the Army's need for training areas and remember that those who use them are not doing so for selfish but the most unselfish of reasons. But the whole is greater than the part, and the end is greater than the means, and the object of the British Army and of military training alike is to preserve Britain. It is not preserving Britain to allow formerly fertile and beautifully-tended tracts of her soil to lapse into weed-infested, litter-strewn jungle and ruin, which is what has happened, under Government ownership, to the Tyneham Valley and many a similar area. To anyone who remembers how that valley and its lovely bay were kept—for the benefit of the English people—by its private and hereditary owners before the war, the sight of it to-day under so-called public ownership is a source of grief and self-reproach. This is not the way in which those to whom we have committed a part of England's priceless heritage should be allowed to keep it. When the new Chief of Staff—a great soldier, administrator and patriot, honoured by everyone who has ever worked with him—takes over his duties at the end of the year, I hope he will find time to consider this aspect of his manifold responsibilities and to bring to the attention of his civil superiors and colleagues the necessity of conserving in something other than its present squalid and wasteful state that which his Service is called upon to guard. The current cost of such maintenance, wisely and imaginatively applied, would be infinitesimal compared with the ultimate value of the inheritance to be safeguarded.



## AFTER THE NIGHT OF TERROR: WRECKED HOUSES AND HOTELS IN LYNMOUTH.



THE SCENE OUTSIDE BEVANS LYN VALLEY HOTEL AND THE POST OFFICE AFTER THE NIGHT OF TERROR: HUGE BOULDERS AND UPROOTED TREES LYING IN THE STREET.



A SCENE REMINISCENT OF THE BLITZ IN A QUIET DEVON VILLAGE: WRECKED HOUSES IN LYNMOUTH; A TYPICAL SCENE AFTER THE FLOODWATERS HAD SUBSIDED.



SMASHED BY DÉBRIS CARRIED DOWN BY THE RAGING TORRENT: HOUSES NEXT TO THE LYNDALE HOTEL, WHERE THE GUESTS AND STAFF SPENT A DREADFUL NIGHT IN THE UPPER STOREYS.

When the floodwaters struck the North Devon resort of Lynmouth, with such sudden and terrifying force on the night of August 15, the village was full of holiday visitors, which added greatly to the difficulties of checking on the number of missing people. At the Lyndale Hotel, sixty guests were marooned all night in the top storeys, with "the building creaking every moment." Finally they were rescued by the fire brigade at 6 a.m. Twenty cars in the garage below were



WRECKED AND IN DANGER OF COLLAPSE: A HOUSE AT LYNMOUTH AS IT APPEARED ON AUGUST 17. POLICEMEN USING WALKIE-TALKIE RADIO CAN BE SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND.



ONE OF THE HOTELS IN LYNMOUTH THAT SUFFERED SERIOUS DAMAGE: BEVANS LYN VALLEY HOTEL, WITH THE FRONT WALL MISSING AND FURNITURE SUSPENDED PRECARIOUSLY.

swept away. One of the worst-damaged hotels was Bevan's Lyn Valley, where the ballroom and other ground-floor rooms were completely destroyed by floodwater and one side of the hotel was wrecked. The front walls were swept away and beds and furniture on the first and second floors were left suspended precariously. The Bath Hotel was rocked "as if by an earthquake." To add to the horrors of the night, there were no lights, as the power station was flooded.



## NATURE VIES WITH MAN IN DESTRUCTION: SCENES IN DEVASTATED LYNMOUTH.



SMASHED BY BOULDERS AND UPROOTED TREES: A CAR LEFT BY THE SUBSIDING FLOODWATER IN LYNMOUTH; SHOWING IN THE BACKGROUND A BADLY DAMAGED HOUSE.



PREPARING TO BRIDGE THE FLOODED RIVER LYN WITH A LADDER: RESCUE WORKERS PASSING A ROPE ACROSS THE TORRENT WHICH SPLIT THE VILLAGE IN TWO.



ONE OF MANY SWEEPED AWAY BY THE FLOODWATER: A SMASHED CAR LYING ON THE BEACH AT LYNMOUTH, WITH THE RUINS OF THE WELL-KNOWN RHENISH TOWER, WHICH WAS DESTROYED DURING THE FLOODING, IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND.



WHERE THE WEST LYN NOW JOINS THE EAST LYN: THE DAMAGED BRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF COUNTISBURY HILL, AND AN HOTEL WHICH WAS INUNDATED BY FLOODWATER.



BATTERED BY ROCKS AND WEAKENED BY THE SURGING WATERS: THE BRIDGE IN LYNMOUTH, WITH TWO WRECKED CARS IN THE FOREGROUND.



AFTER THE FLOODWATER HAD SUBSIDED: A STREET IN LYNMOUTH CHOKED WITH MUD, BOULDERS AND OTHER DÉBRIS WHICH MAY TAKE SEVERAL WEEKS TO CLEAR AWAY.

Apart from the serious loss of life when the River Lyn burst its banks on August 15, and the West Lyn changed its course and swirled through the centre of the village of Lynmouth, in North Devon, considerable damage has been done to the property not only of the local inhabitants, but of the many hundreds of holiday-makers in the area. Several cars were swept away in the torrent and left, crushed by great boulders and uprooted trees, on the beach. The ancient Rhenish tower

overlooking the harbour, well known to thousands of visitors to this picturesque seaside resort, was reduced to a ruin by the floodwaters, which also swept through the ground floors of several hotels and undermined many other buildings. It is expected that it may take at least six months to return the West Lyn to its original course and rebuild the bridge in the main street at the foot of Countisbury Hill. Work has already begun on clearing away the tons of debris left in the village.



## LYNMOUTH BEFORE AND AFTER THE TRAGEDY, AND SOME OF THE VICTIMS.



WHERE THE WATERS OF EXMOOR WERE FUNNELLED TO THE DESTRUCTION OF LYNMOUTH (CENTRE); THE EAST LYN VALLEY; (LEFT) LYNTON AND THE WEST LYN VALLEY.



THE LOVELY AND PEACEFUL STREAM WHICH BECAME ONE OF THE TWO RAGING TORRENTS WHICH DESTROYED LYNMOUTH: THE EAST LYN AT WATERSMEET.



BOATS BURIED AND CAPSIZED IN THE FORESHORE WRECKAGE OF THE FLOODS AT LYNMOUTH: A VIEW FROM THE HARBOUR TOWARDS THE DEVASTATED TOWNSHIP.



AMONG THE WRECKAGE AT LYNMOUTH: SOLDIERS MAKING AN EMERGENCY BRIDGE OVER THE NEW BED OF THE WEST LYN. BEYOND IS THE BROKEN BRIDGE OVER THE EAST LYN; IN FRONT, THE TREES AND BOULDERS BROUGHT DOWN BY THE FLOOD.



AFTER THE DISASTROUS FLOODS THE WHOLE POPULATION OF LYNMOUTH WAS EVACUATED, AND HERE, IN ONE OF THE REST CENTRES (THE JUBILEE HALL, LYNTON), A LYNMOUTH RESIDENT AND HIS DOG ARE SLEEPING.



AFTER THE TRAGEDY WHICH WRECKED THE FAMOUS SEASIDE BEAUTY-SPOT: A LYNMOUTH RESIDENT AND HER DOG SLEEPING THE SLEEP OF THE EXHAUSTED IN A REST CENTRE SET UP IN NEIGHBOURING LYNTON.

Apart from the actual destruction of houses, roads and bridges and the heavy loss of life in Lynmouth as a result of the disastrous flood of August 15, the greatest threat to those that remained lay in the destruction of the drainage and sewage system and the water supply. As a result, on August 16 the evacuation of the entire population of Lynmouth was ordered, and rest centres were set up in the neighbourhood. A relief appeal fund was immediately launched by the

Lord Lieutenant of Devon (Lord Fortescue) and the Lord Lieutenant of Somerset (Lord Hylton), who each gave £50. The Duchy of Cornwall sent £100, and contributions to "The North Devon and West Somerset Relief Appeal" should be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. G. H. Hollis, National Provincial Bank, 65, High Street, Exeter. The Lord Mayor of Plymouth has launched a local fund, and other appeals include those launched at Swansea, Brighton, Morecambe and Heysham.





MR. BERNARD BERENSON, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Bernard Berenson was born in the United States in 1865. This celebrated art critic was associated with the late Joseph Duveen as adviser on art pictures for thirty years. He is the author of many distinguished books, including his autobiographical "Sketch for a Self-Portrait." Sir John Squire describes his new book as "a diary written over a period of four years by an old man who, for part of the time, was virtually a prisoner." During World War II, Mr. Berenson was in Italy and was obliged, during the period of German control, to take refuge with an Italian friend who enjoyed Consular status.

American millionaires of his day (some of whom thought that possession of Great Masters procured social status, and some of whom genuinely desired to make a return in the form of masterpieces to the society which had enriched them) that he, and he alone, was the channel through which the treasures of the Old World could pass to the treasures of the New. But there was one chapter in the book in which the author, Mr. Behrman, turned from caricature to seriousness. That was the chapter in which he gave a very sympathetic account of Bernard Berenson (known in many a social and artistic world as "Bo Bo"), who advised Duveen for many years as to the ascription and authenticity of pictures, and who honourably split from him because he refused to say that a picture was painted by the artist by whom Duveen wished it to have been painted. Mr. Behrman remarked that in his autobiographical sketch, "Sketch for a Self-Portrait," Mr. Berenson didn't even mention Duveen's name. Apparently the Duveen episode, although a long one, is one which Mr. Berenson prefers to forget. He was probably charmed by his employer, as many people were, but discovered at last that they hadn't the same standards. Like an honourable man he broke the connection: and Duveen is not mentioned, even casually, in this new book. After all, why should he be? He was only a business connection, although, in a manner a friend: a sensitive and artistic man, reviewing his past towards the end of his life, tends to remember and cherish the beautiful and moving events and moments of his life, and not his means of living on the people associated with those.

The new book is not formally autobiographical: it is a diary written, over a period of four years, by an old man who, for part of the time, was virtually a prisoner, and who had leisure to record "rumour" which was "news" from the outer world, and for "reflection," which term covers meditations on art, religion, politics, his friends, himself—and, in fact, anything which came into his head. Berenson, when the war broke out, was living in Florence, which had been his home for fifty years. He might have left for England or America. But there was his villa, and there was the collection of a lifetime—pictures, sculpture, and a vast library of books—and he was

## LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A CELEBRATED ART CRITIC.

"RUMOUR AND REFLECTION"; By BERNARD BERENSON.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

N.B.—The illustrations on this page are not reproduced from the book.

ONLY a week or two ago I reviewed in this place a book by an American journalist about Duveen, the King of Picture Dealers. The book, in the main, was the history of a comic character, "getting away with it" and making millions because he was able to persuade the new

determined, at whatever cost, not to lose sight, or, at least, "rumour" of them. Some of his friends were faithful, others believed and spread the ugliest reports about him: as, for example, that this octogenarian aesthete was a spy. There came a time when the Germans took control, and not only his liberty, but his life was in peril, for he was born a Jew. He found sanctuary with the Consul in Florence of the minute Republic of San Marino: in that hospitable villa, though shelled and bombed at the crisis of the war, he remained until the liberation came. And when it came he was characteristically most concerned with the wanton vandalism of the departing Germans, who had blown up the unique Trinità Bridge, and so much else that he had loved.

The "rumour" side of his book is extremely interesting. News, true and false, came to him from all sorts of quarters; the most reliable, towards the end, in a Swiss newspaper. He never had the slightest doubt of Allied success, and, as for Italy, he was convinced of the fragility of the regime, and believed

Germany and Russia, as he saw them ten years ago, are staring us in the face now; their solutions, except to day-dreamers, are not so obvious.

On religion Mr. Berenson seems to me less acute; on art and history, and he approaches omniscience as nearly as a man may, he is always fascinating. There would be a charming volume of comments here, even were all the references to the war and modern politics left out.

The dominating impression one gets of Berenson is that of his detachment. He has his human affections, and his artistic passion; and, for all his resolute habit of independent analysis of all things human and divine, he is never tainted by cynicism. But mobs and their activities he dreads and avoids: his thoughts and feelings must be his own. On July 4, 1944, he is reminded of the fevers of Independence Day: "Suddenly there rises to conscious memory, as if coming up with a submarine from the depths, the recollection of my first Fourth of July. I had just come from quiet, neolithic Lithuania, a boy of ten.

The heat, the sweat, the scorching sun, the noise, the clatter, the penny-whistles, the fire-crackers, the magenta-coloured toy balloons, the pink lemonade, the sticky balls of popcorn, deadly fatigue, stumbling feet, sleepy weariness, that was my first Fourth of July on American soil.

"I never again was exposed to this annoyance. On that day I was always at a safe distance from a celebration.

"The nearest parallel to this distressing experience was twelve years later when, induced by fellow-students in Paris, I went through a Quatorze Juillet. I witnessed the parade at Long-champs, marching and shows, and the evening with the sweaty dancing in all the squares of the Quartier.

"No, decidedly, I lacked the exuberance, the abandon required for hearty

participation in mass festivities. Besides, I had an instinctive distaste for 'man in the lump' and fear of their feelings. The more so as I could not resist feeling with them.

"With shame do I recall as a student in Berlin being caught in a crowd, when with bands playing and banners flying, Crown Prince William was returning from a review at Tempelhof. They cheered and cheered and I got a lump in my throat, and tears in my eyes. I was horrified, for I disapproved of Wilhelm's conduct towards his dying father and despised his popularity. Yet I could not resist mass-emotion. Nor can I now. Wherefore I have done my best not to find myself in a crowd."

As he says elsewhere: "Man in the lump is little, if any, more rational than a herd of buffaloes on the stampede, as it used to be described when I was a small boy, and buffaloes still roamed free in regions now thickly settled by Babbies, their bosses and dependants. The individual man may be more rational, but nothing like so much as, despite universal experience to the contrary, we expect him to be."

Gibbon, or somebody, said that history was the record of the crimes and follies of mankind. Our own time has made a notable contribution to history.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 308 of this issue.

### THE MARRIAGE OF MR. ANTHONY EDEN TO MISS CLARISSA SPENCER CHURCHILL.



LEAVING CAXTON HALL REGISTER OFFICE AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE ON AUGUST 14: MR. EDEN AND HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY MISS CLARISSA SPENCER CHURCHILL, ARE MET BY A BATTERY OF CAMERAS AND A THROG OF WELL-WISHERS.

The marriage took place at Caxton Hall Register Office, London, on August 14 of Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, and Miss Clarissa Spencer Churchill, daughter of the late Major John Spencer Churchill and the late Lady Gwendoline Spencer Churchill, and a niece of the Prime Minister. An hour before the time fixed for the wedding more than 1000 people had assembled outside Caxton Hall. Mounted police were patrolling and extra police had to keep back crowds on the pavements at each side of the entrance. The Prime Minister was one of the principal witnesses, and Sir Timothy Eden, Mrs. Churchill, Mr. John Churchill, the bride's brother, and Lord Warwick also signed the register. After the ceremony, a crowd which had swelled to several thousand, cheered the bride and bridegroom as they drove back to Downing Street for the reception. On August 15 Mr. and Mrs. Eden flew to Portugal for their honeymoon.

that the King could have successfully taken a hand many years before he did. Nothing ever shook his profound affection for the Italian people. And, in his hermitage he indulged in many dispassionate speculations about the future. As far back as February, 1942, he was writing: "A Russian victory that ended in the complete occupation of Germany might be the only way to convince the Germans that their interests lay with France and England, and at the same time might persuade the French and English that they were as much concerned as the Central Europeans to keep Russia from dominating the whole of the Continent, including Western Europe. If the Germans could and would be brought to feel that they must not again attempt to trample the rest of the world under their heel, and had better join France, England and America, in the defence of the West against the East, this war would not have been fought in vain. . . . Nazism is an attempt on the part of Germany to Asiaticize itself, completely destroying and eradicating everything in itself that spells Europe, which Europe is equivalent to Mediterranean. . . . The Russians may be as gifted a people as any in European history, which history they have, however, as yet barely approached. . . . For the present, the Russian, having got rid of his Europeanized classes, is farther from individuality than ever, and his doctrinal influence, bad enough as it is already, will be immeasurably surpassed if military conquest reinforces it." The problems of

\* "Rumour and Reflection." By Bernard Berenson. (Constable; 30s.)



## TIBET AS A PROVINCE OF METROPOLITAN CHINA: OCCUPATION SCENES.



THE OCCUPATION OF LHASA BY CHINESE COMMUNIST FORCES: OFFICIALS OF THE TIBETAN LOCAL GOVERNMENT WELCOMING THE COMMANDERS OF THE PEOPLE'S LIBERATION ARMY UNITS.



EXPLAINING THE POLICY OF THE CENTRAL PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT TOWARDS NATIONAL MINORITIES TO TIBETANS: CHINESE OFFICIALS ATTEMPTING TO GAIN LOCAL SUPPORT.



THE INVASION OF TIBET: A TIBETAN ARMY BAND MARCHING TO THE RECEPTION WHERE CHINESE COMMUNIST TROOPS WERE WELCOMED BY THE LOCAL POPULATION.



AN INVADING FORCE IS ALWAYS POPULAR—IN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS: CHINESE OFFICERS BEING PRESENTED WITH SASHES OF HONOUR BY LOCAL TIBETAN OFFICIALS.



AT A FESTIVAL HELD JOINTLY BY THE PEOPLE'S LIBERATION ARMY AND THE INHABITANTS OF LHASA: THE CHINESE CULTURAL TROUPE GIVING A DANCING DISPLAY.



PERFORMING THEIR NATIONAL DANCE IN HONOUR OF THEIR CHINESE CONQUERORS: TIBETANS OF LHASA AT A FESTIVAL ORGANISED BY THE OCCUPATION FORCES.

These photographs, which recently arrived from Peking, may over-emphasise the welcome received by the Chinese Communist troops who invaded Tibetan territory in October, 1950, and in December last year occupied Lhasa, but they follow a familiar pattern and have interest in that they represent the first pictorial news to reach us since the occupation. The invasion of Tibet presented many difficulties, among the least of which was the armed resistance of the Tibetan people, whose troops were swept away whenever they encountered the Chinese People's Liberation Army. Meanwhile, the Tibetan Government addressed two appeals to the United Nations, which took no action. On December 1 last year the Chinese First Field Army reached Lhasa and a few days later it was reported that the Kashag, the Administrative Council, had ratified the agreement between China and Tibet, thus preparing the way for the incorporation of the country as a province of

metropolitan China. During the occupation the Chinese have built extensive roads and air-strips and established a network of wireless communications, so that any local revolt can be dealt with within a few hours of its outbreak. In addition, the Chinese brought back the Panchen Lama from exile and arranged for him to be formally "reconciled" to the Dalai Lama with the obvious hope of destroying the authority of both. In February this year China set up a military area headquarters in Lhasa, which brought the Tibetan armed forces under the control of the Central People's Republic, and the purpose of the new organisation was described by its commander, General Chang Kuo-hua as being to "eliminate imperialist, aggressive forces and influences from Tibet, achieve the unification of the territory and sovereignty of the People's Republic of China, and to safeguard national defence."



## THE SIXTH EDINBURGH FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA: SOME OF



MRS. NINA DREW, A LEADING SOPRANO OF THE HAMBURG STATE OPERA.



MRS. CHRISTINE GERNER, SOPRANO, SINGING ONE OF THE YOUTHS IN *Die Zauberflöte*.



MRS. APRIL CANTELO, SOPRANO, SOLOIST WITH THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC CHAMBER ORCHESTRA.



MRS. EIMCARD HEESEND, SOLOIST IN "THE MESSIAH" WITH THE HALLÉ ORCHESTRA.



MR. THOMAS BRENNAN, THE CONDUCTOR OF THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.



MR. EDUARD VAN BEINUM, A CONDUCTOR IN THE CONCERTGEBOUW ORCHESTRA.



MR. GUNTHER RENNERT, ADMINISTRATOR AND PRODUCER OF THE HAMBURG STATE OPERA.



IN "COFFEE," WHICH THEY ARRANGED TO GIVE ON AUGUST 19, 20 AND 21 AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, EDINBURGH: THE SAGLEY'S WILLS BALLET, THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF *Les Rendez-vous*, A NEW CRAVO-GARDNER BALLET, WAS GIVEN FOR AUGUST 21 IN A DOUBLE BILL WITH "THEATRE POP.".



THE HAMBURG STATE OPERA PRODUCTION OF *Der Freischütz*: THE SCENE IN THE WOLF'S GLADE. THE SHOW IS BY ALFRED HIECKE. MR. ANDERS WILL SING MAX; AND THE OPERA IN EDINBURGH IS CONDUCTED BY MR. JOSEPH KEILBERTH.



MR. WALTER SUSSKIND, CONDUCTOR OF THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL ORCHESTRA.



MR. MAX ROSTAL, SOLO VIOLINIST WITH THE R.F.C. SCOTTISH ORCHESTRA.



MR. DAVID MCCALLUM, LEADER OF THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.



MR. SIEGFRIED, VIOLIN SOLOIST WITH THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.

Artists from many lands have assembled in Edinburgh for the Sixth International Festival of Music and Drama. One of the highlights of the splendid programme is the visit of the Hamburg State Opera. During their three weeks at the King's Theatre they are presenting *Fidelio*, *Der Freischütz*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Die Meistersinger*; and are also giving the first stage performances in Great Britain of Hindemith's opera, *Mathis Der Maler*.

Mr. Mathieu Ahlersmeyer will sing Mathis, and Mmes. Anneliese Rothenberger and Elfriede Wasserthal as the Regina and Ursula. The opening opera, fixed for August 18, was a special performance of *Fidelio* which the Duke of Edinburgh and members of the Diplomatic Corps arranged to attend. It was produced by Dr. Gunther Rennert, and Mr. Leopold Ludwig arranged to conduct, while Mme. Inge Borkh was scheduled as the Leonora for this performance. Mme. Lis

## THE PERSONALITIES WHO CONTRIBUTE TO THE PROGRAMME.



MISS CLAIRE BLOOM, JULIET IN THE OLD VIC TRUST PRODUCTION OF "ROMEO AND JULIET."



MRS. ANNELESE ROTHENBERGER, WHO WILL SING REGINA IN HINDEMITH'S *Mathis Der Maler*, AUGUST 20 AND 21.



MRS. UTA STETTIN, SINGING A BRIDE-MAID IN *Der Freischütz*.



MRS. MARTHA MÖDL, A LEADING SOPRANO OF THE HAMBURG STATE OPERA.



MR. JOHN BARBIROLLI, CONDUCTOR OF THE HALLÉ ORCHESTRA.



MR. HANS SPEMANN, A CONDUCTOR IN THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC CHAMBER ORCHESTRA.



MR. GEORG HOLT, GENERAL MUSIC DIRECTOR AND A CONDUCTOR OF THE HAMBURG STATE OPERA.



IN "PRISONER OF THE CAUCASUS," WHICH IS DUE FOR ITS FIRST PERFORMANCE IN GREAT BRITAIN ON SEPTEMBER 1 AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, EDINBURGH, THE GRAND BALLET DU MARQUE DE CUEVAS.



THE HAMBURG STATE OPERA PRODUCTION OF *Fidelio*: FLORESTAN (P. ANDERS), LEONORA (MARTHA MÖDL), FLORESTA (J. METTERNICH) AND SOLO (THEO REBERMAN). MRS. MÖDL IS SINGING LEONORA ON SEPTEMBER 1 AND 4; MRS. INGE BORKH WAS TO BE HEARD ON AUGUST 18 AND 20.



MR. PIERRE SOUVEREY, CELLO SOLOIST WITH THE CONCERTGEBOUW ORCHESTRA.



MR. CHARLES MORGAN, AUTHOR OF "THE RIVER LINE," A NEW PLAY.



MR. IAN HUNTER, THE ARTISTIC DIRECTOR OF THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL.



MR. CHRISTOPHER HASSALL, AUTHOR OF "THE PLAYER KING."

della Casa is alternating with Mme. Elizabeth Grunmer as Famina, and will be the Sophie for *Der Rosenkavalier*, in which Mme. Mödl sings Octavian and Mme. Eberts the Feldmarschallin. The orchestras for the Festival include the Royal Philharmonic, conductor Sir Thomas Beecham, who arranged to give the opening concert, the Concertgebouw, conductors Eduard van Beinum and Rafael Kubelik; the Hallé, conductor Sir John Barbirolli; the Scottish National, conductor

Mr. Walter Susskind; with all of whom noted soloists are appearing. The Chamber Music Concerts at the Freemasons' Hall will be brilliant; and the theatrical events include first performances of Charles Morgan's "The River Line" (fixed for August 16), of Christopher Hassall's "The Player King" and the Old Vic Trust's new production of "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Claire Bloom as the Juliet. On these pages we give photographs of artists, and of stage scenes.





WITH ADAM'S FINE FAÇADE, DELICATE AND IMPOSING, ON THE NORTH SIDE (RIGHT): CHARLOTTE SQUARE, AND ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, BUILT AT A COST OF £33,000, THE DOME MODELLED ON THAT OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



SHOWING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE OLD ROOF TIMBERS: A ROOM IN HUNTLY HOUSE, IN THE ROYAL MILE, WHICH HOUSES THE CORPORATION MUSEUM.

#### MEDIAEVAL AND AUGUSTAN EDINBURGH: THE GRIM SIXTEENTH CENTURY AND ADAM'S CLASSIC CALM.

The contrast between Edinburgh's grim Old Town, clustered round the Castle, and the Augustan calm of the New Town, which lies on the opposite side of Princes Street, is celebrated; and its dramatic quality fascinates visitors to the Festival, which this year runs from August 17 to September 6. The north side of Charlotte Square is a fine example of Adam's work, and the old iron containers for the linkmen's torches, and the original mounting-blocks at the edge of the pavement to facilitate entry into a coach still remain.

St. George's Church of Scotland was built at a cost of £33,000 to Playfair's design, the dome being modelled on St. Paul's. Huntly House, one of the ancient buildings in the Royal Mile, which runs from the Palace of Holyroodhouse to the Castle, was acquired by the City of Edinburgh in 1924; and accommodates the Corporation Museum. The relics and documents in the Museum include The Solemn League and Covenant (September, 1643), a coat worn by Darnley, and a sword belonging to Oliver Cromwell.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, IN EDINBURGH.





RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN THE SCOTS CAPITAL: THE SPLENDID SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HERIOT'S HOSPITAL OR SCHOOL, DOMINATED BY THE FROWNING MEDIÆVAL CASTLE.

Visitors to Edinburgh International Festival (August 17 to September 6) not only enjoy a feast of music, drama and ballet, but can study Scottish history as recorded in Edinburgh's ancient buildings, an occupation rendered exceptionally enjoyable by the Festival Voluntary Guides, who take parties on daily tours of the Royal Mile. Heriot's Hospital or School, founded by "Jingling Geordie," banker and goldsmith to James VI. of Scotland (and I. of England), is a splendid example of seventeenth-century work. Begun in 1628, it is built

round a quadrangle and flamboyantly decorated. The original front was to the Grass Market, but our Artist has depicted the actual front approached by Playfair's arch (centre), a clever pastiche on the old building. The tower of the nineteenth-century Royal Infirmary is shown on the extreme left. Heriot's Hospital was originally intended for the education of the sons of poor burgesses of Edinburgh, but was later constituted, by special Act of Parliament, as a modern and technical school.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, IN EDINBURGH.



# PAYING HOMAGE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE KING IN THE SOUTH SEAS: AN IMPRESSIVE FIJIAN CEREMONY.



ESCORTED BY THE SECRETARY FOR FIJIAN AFFAIRS, SIR LALA SUKUNA, K.B.E.: THE ACTING GOVERNOR OF FIJI, MR. A. F. R. STODDART, AT THE CEREMONY ON JULY 28.



INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE FIJI INFANTRY REGIMENT COMMANDED BY LIEUTENANT R. GENGE: THE ACTING GOVERNOR OF FIJI, MR. A. F. R. STODDART. A BATTALION OF THESE SOLDIERS IS FIGHTING THE COMMUNISTS IN MALAYA.



PREPARING THE YAQONA (KAVA) FOR THE CEREMONY: WATER IS MIXED WITH THE POWDERED ROOT IN A WOODEN BOWL, STRAINED, AND SERVED IN COCONUT-SHELLS.



MAKING THE TRADITIONAL PRESENTATION OF TABUA (WHALES' TEETH) TO THE GOVERNOR ON BEHALF OF THE CHIEFS OF FIJI: FILIMONE LOCO (LEFT) AND NIKO KOMAITAI.



PART OF THE CEREMONY WHICH ENDS THE PERIOD OF MOURNING FOR A DEAD CHIEF: THE BEARER OF THE YAQONA BOWL RISING TO TAKE THE DRINK TO THE GOVERNOR.

Members of the Fijian Council of Chiefs held an impressive ceremony of *burua* on July 28 in honour of the memory of the late King George VI. The *burua* marks the end of the period of mourning for a dead chief. It embodies the traditional Fijian *yaqona* (kava) ceremony, the presentation of *tabua* (whales' teeth), and a memorial *maqiti* (feast) of whole roasted pigs and other cooked foods. During the ceremony the Acting Governor, Mr. A. F. R. Stoddart, and other dignitaries

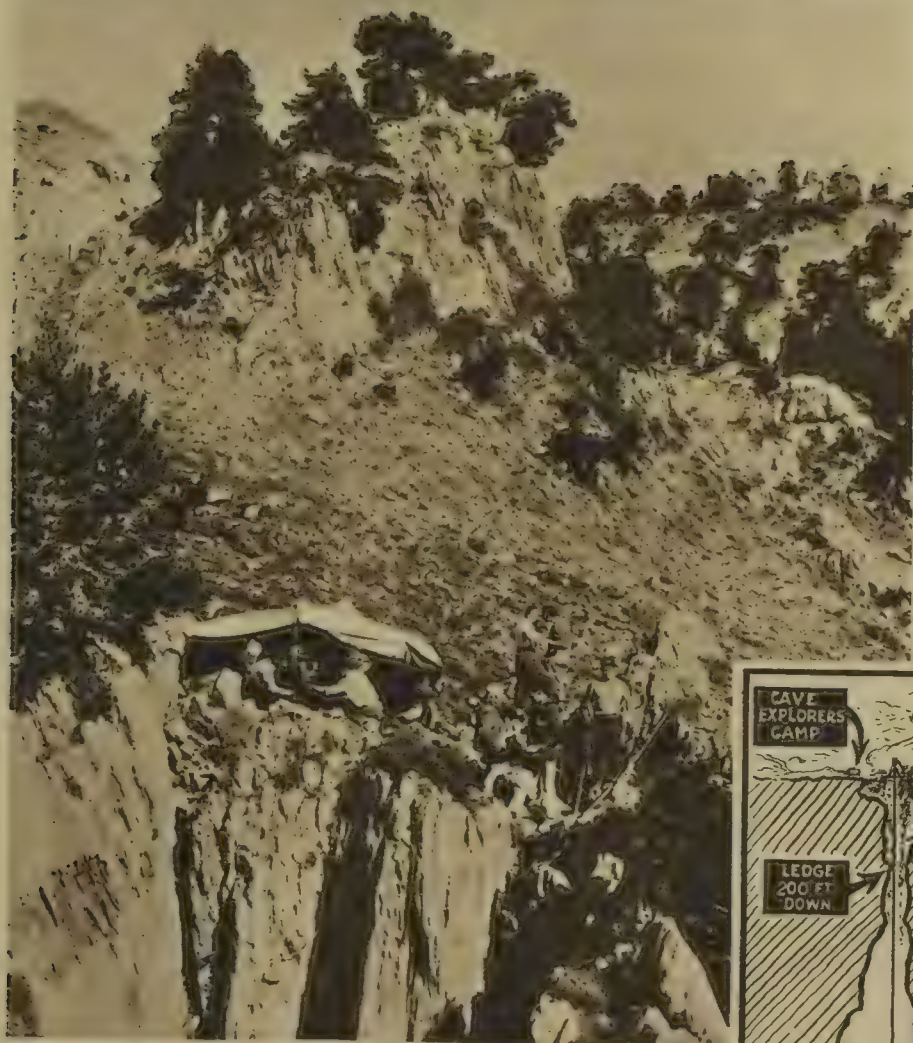


WATCHED BY THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR THE WESTERN PACIFIC AND THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE COLONY: THE ACTING GOVERNOR RECEIVES THE DRINK OF YAQONA.

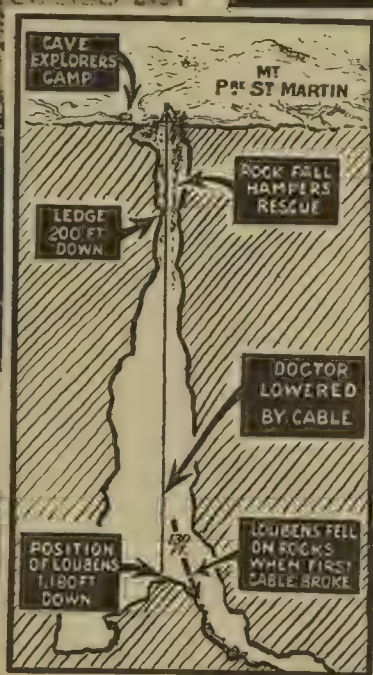
sat under a palm-leaf shelter, while Fijian chiefs squatted on mats. *Yaqona*, or kava, which is used in the ceremonial is a Polynesian shrub of the pepper family. Its root has aromatic and pungent qualities, and affords by fermentation an intoxicating drink. The native method of preparation of kava as a beverage is by powdering the root, adding water to it, and straining, the last process being accompanied by ceremonial chanting.



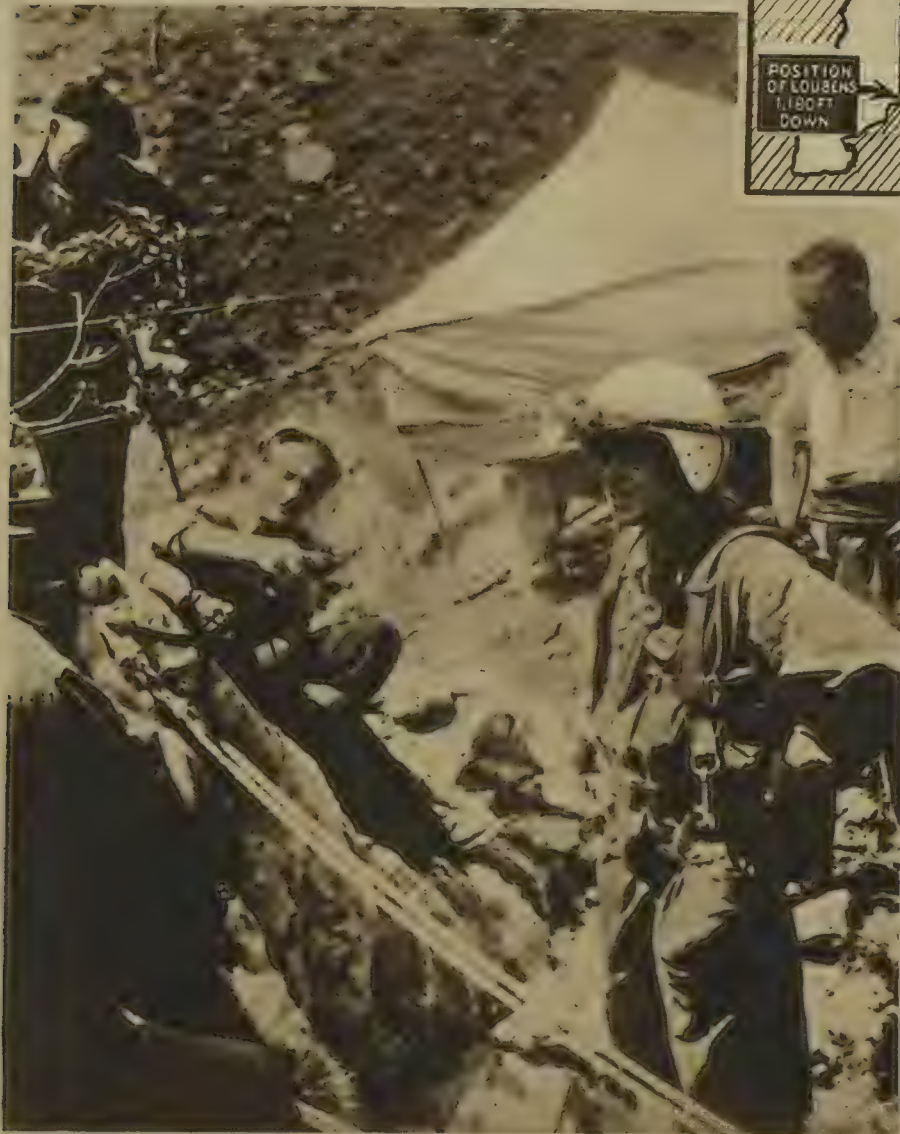
# THE TRAGEDY IN THE GOUFFRE LÉPINEUX, THE WORLD'S DEEPEST CAVE



(ABOVE.) THE ENTRANCE TO THE GOUFFRE LÉPINEUX. (RIGHT.) A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE POSITION AFTER A ROCK FALL HAD HELD UP RESCUE OPERATIONS ON AUGUST 14. (By Courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph.")

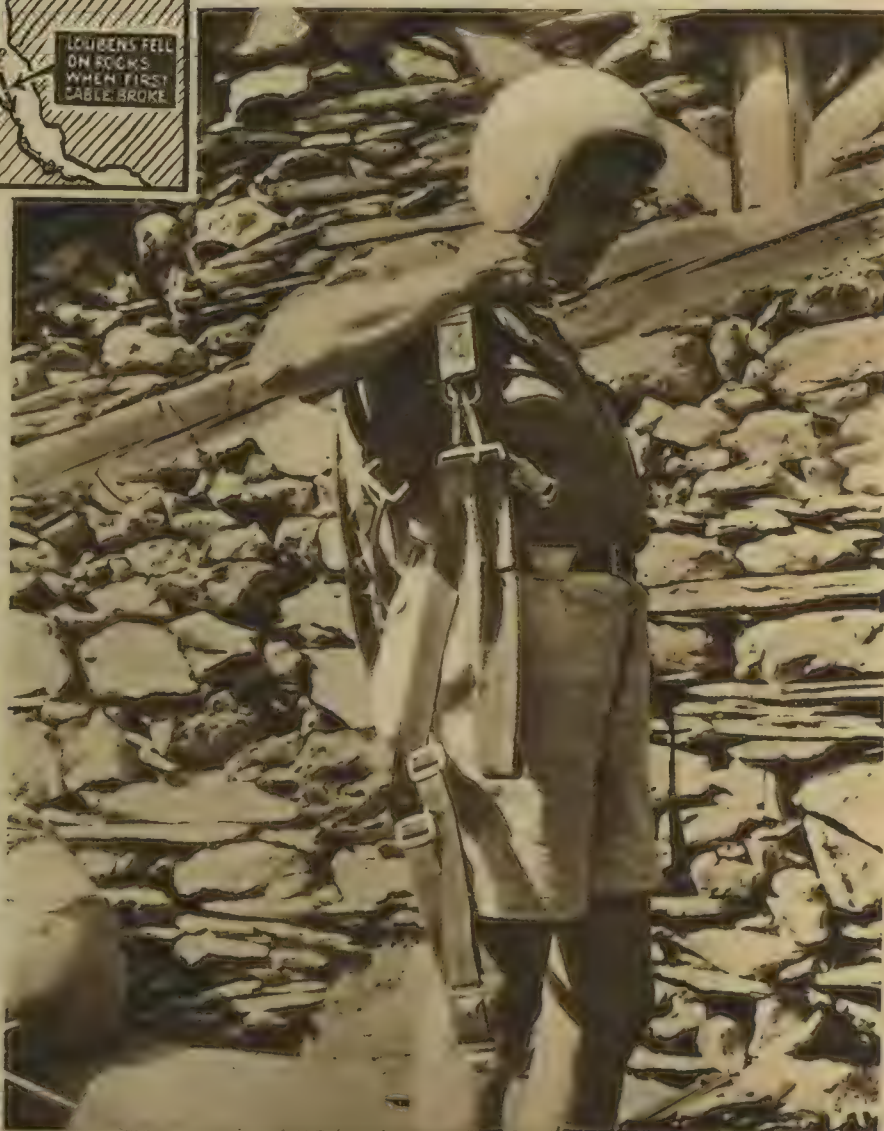


IN THE GREAT CAVERN, 1,253 FT. BELOW THE SURFACE: M. ERTAUD, THE PHOTOGRAPHER, PHOTOGRAPHS HIMSELF IN THE GOUFFRE LÉPINEUX DURING THE DESCENT LAST YEAR.



PREPARING TO MAKE THE DESCENT WHICH COST HIM HIS LIFE: M. MARCEL LOUBENS (IN HELMET). THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, DR. MAX COSYNS, CAN BE SEEN (LEFT), M. NORBERT CASTERET, ANOTHER LEADER (RIGHT).

Exploration of the Gouffre de la Pierre Saint-Martin, near the Spanish-French border (now known as the Gouffre Lépineux, in honour of its discoverer, as recorded in our issue of September 1, 1951), by a team of thirteen speleologists led by Dr. Max Cosyns, was attended by ill-luck; and ended in tragedy. Faults in equipment delayed the adventure, but M. Marcel Loubens, one of the team which won the prize for vertical descent in the same shaft last year, went down and



THE FRENCH SPELEOLOGIST WHO DIED IN THE GOUFFRE LÉPINEUX; M. MARCEL LOUBENS, WHO FELL OVER 1,200 FT. TO THE CAVERN FLOOR WHEN A STEEL CABLE SNAPPED; HE SUSTAINED FATAL INJURIES.

remained underground for five days. On August 13, the guiding pulley gave when he was being raised. He waited on a ledge of rock, but when the ascent was resumed the cable broke and he was hurled down 120 ft. on to jagged rocks and gravely injured. The physician, Dr. Mairey, descended, and had hoped to save him; but he died without regaining consciousness. A stretcher had been let down with difficulty, and would have had to have been drawn up vertically.





A PICTURESQUE NORTH DEVONSHIRE VILLAGE TURNED OVERNIGHT INTO A PICTURE OF DESOLATION: LYNMOUTH AS SEEN FROM THE AIR AFTER THE RIVER LYN HAD BURST ITS BANKS.

Details of the disaster which befell Lynmouth on the night of August 15 are given on other pages in this issue: here we show in an aerial photograph the scene in the devastated North Devonshire village. In

the background is Countisbury Hill leading to Minehead with, on the right, the waters of the East Lyn which have broken their banks near the Lyndale Hotel (the building close to the damaged bridge). The

West Lyn (in centre of photograph) broke its banks and carved out a new bed for itself through the village, carrying away a considerable length of the Lynton road (the section seen on the left of the photograph

formerly joined the bridge at the foot of Countisbury Hill). The gap between the houses in left-centre shows the original course of the West Lyn and beyond, along the river bank, was the High Street.



## THE GREAT FRIEZE OF ASSUR-NASIR-PAL, AND OTHER IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES AT NIMRUD.

By PROFESSOR M. E. L. MALLOWAN, D. Lit., F.S.A., Professor of Western Asiatic Archaeology at the Institute of Archaeology, University of London, and Director of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq.

In our last issue we published an article by Professor Mallowan on the discoveries made at Nimrud during the season's excavations by the British School of Archaeology in Iraq. Here we give his second article on the subject. In the introduction to the first article we mentioned a number of institutions which had given support to the work, and we take this opportunity of mentioning other institutions and persons who contributed to the success of the Expedition. The Director was assisted by his wife, Agatha Christie, the author. The archaeological staff consisted of the following: Mr. C. J. Gadd, Keeper of the Department of Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum, who was responsible for dealing with all the inscriptions; Mr. R. W. Hamilton, responsible for surveying; Miss Barbara Parker, photography; Mr. J. C. Reid, architect; Mr. H. F. Saggs, assistant epigraphist, and Miss Joan Lines, general assistant. Valuable help was also given by Dr. Faraj Basmachi and Sayyid Subri Shukri, from the Iraq Antiquities Department. Finally, warm thanks are due to the Director General of the Iraq Antiquities Department, Dr. Naji el Asil, and his staff, who did everything possible to further the work at Nimrud.

IN the previous article we described the discovery of a magnificent series of ivories during the spring of 1952. Here we may illustrate some of the architecture and sculpture as well as a number of small objects and written documents associated with the buildings. The so-called "Burnt Palace," in which many of the small ivories were found, is still being dug, and it may well be that this will in fact turn out to be a religious building in which some special ritual was performed under the aegis of the king. There are certain peculiarities about the plan which lead to this

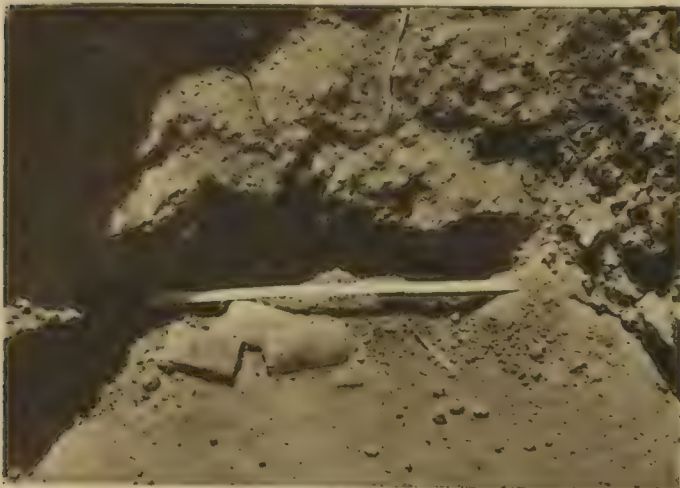


FIG. 2. BUSINESS DOCUMENTS OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C. AS THEY WERE FOUND IN THE SOIL ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE ZIGGURAT AT NIMRUD.

conclusion, and the ivories associated with it may therefore have had a ritual character.

No doubt, however, can exist about the function of the great N.-W. Palace of King Assur-nasir-pal II., where the king himself both lived and transacted his daily business while residing in the city in between his successive military campaigns. Excavations were continued along the north wall of the Palace at a point where Layard was known to have dug in the last century in order to discover how much of the sculptured façade remained. Here we dug along a stretch of wall 18 metres in length and once again exposed the second main entrance to the Palace at Gate D (Fig. 11). As we dug out the brick-paved courtyard outside the entrance we were confronted by a jumble of massive blocks of carved gypsum, mostly fallen from their original position; but it was clear that the greater part of this magnificent stone façade was still in the vicinity, and given the time, machinery and the money, could be restored to its original position. It is much to be hoped that the Iraq Antiquities Department may be able to achieve this object before too long. If set up as once intended to be seen, these royal Assyrian monuments could once again become a magnificent spectacle.

The Gate itself consisted of two bearded stone monsters, part-man, part-lion, part-bird, which guarded the narrow entrance to the Palace. Each monster carried in his right hand the plant of life and in his left a young gazelle, or a kid (?). At the east end of this section of the court there was a fallen colossus, the huge scale of which is shown by the seated boy in the photograph, Fig. 14. Next to it

is also engraved with the "Standard Inscription" recording the king's triumphs and building activities during the first five years of his reign.

The quality of the carving on this façade is as fine as anything of the kind in Assyria, as may be judged, for example, from the two figures of the king's vizier and his attendant in Fig. 9. No less striking are the captives—foreigners—as we may judge from their high conical head-dress (Figs. 6-7). Some of them carry on their heads trays loaded with precious objects, including a ritual crescent, no doubt of gold and probably designed for service in the temple. The three captives in Fig. 10 raising their hands in submission to the king are also splendid examples of ninth-century workmanship; it will be seen that a black-and-white incrustation still remains within the eyes. Fig. 8 shows two high officers, this time Assyrian, one of them wearing around his neck a badge of rank in the form of a pair of tabs. All these reliefs, though seen by Layard a century ago, have never been illustrated before and are here photographed for the first time.

How were the great blocks required for the façade of the king's Palace carried into Nimrud? Two discoveries in the vicinity of the Palace have at last provided an answer. At the N.-W. corner of the building we found the remains of a huge ramp along which the quarried stone was probably dragged before being set up in position and carved. Still more

interesting, however, was the long-awaited discovery of the Assyrian quay wall which flanked the western side of the city.

The river Tigris now flows nearly two miles to the west of Nimrud, but it was known from the inscriptions that when the city was built the river actually washed its walls. At the foot of the incline which led up to the two north entrances of the Palace we made a determined effort to discover the old bed of the river. Much deep digging through unrewarding debris which had been eroded from the mud-brick defensive walls had to be done, but in the end our persistence was rewarded. At last we discovered the top of a stone quay wall which ran down at an incline deep into the old bed of the river.

Fig. 13 illustrates the quay, the top of which was surmounted by a huge mud-brick wall that provided the inner defence of the city itself. What survives consists of eleven courses of limestone masonry, of which the upper six are of dressed ashlar and the bottom five rough blocks sunk well into the old bed

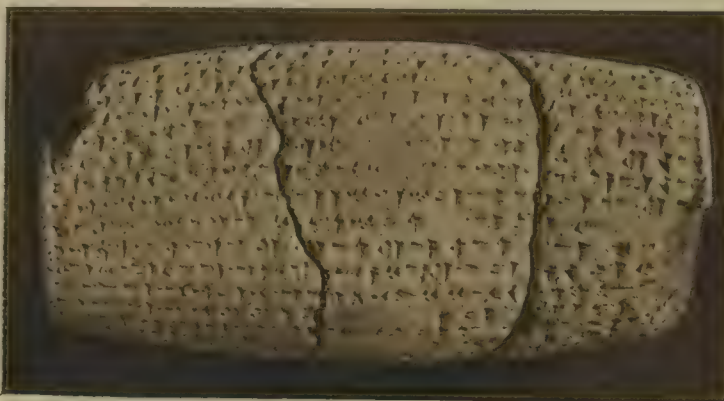


FIG. 4. A FINE CLAY BARREL CYLINDER, WHICH LINKS NIMRUD WITH HEZEKIAH AND ISAIAH, SINCE IT BEARS AN INSCRIPTION OF MERODACH-BALADAN, THIS KING, WHO IS CALLED BERODACH IN KINGS AND MERODACH IN ISAIAH, WAS ENTERTAINED, WITH A VIEW TO AN ALLIANCE, BY HEZEKIAH, WHO DREW DOWN ON HIMSELF THEREBY THE REPROOF

of the river. The quay wall runs down at a batter and what remains of two topmost courses were made bitumen-proof against the water. The total depth of the existing limestone quay is to-day 23 ft. 5 ins., or 7.1 metres. These simple figures, diagrams and photographs hardly convey a notion of the gigantic operation performed by the Assyrians when they

stood a great "Nisroch" part-eagle, part-man, and there followed on either side of the gate a procession of high officers leading in captives heavily laden with gifts for the king himself (Figs. 5-10). The frieze itself

undertook this work, for the quay wall itself must run along a distance of at least half a mile; at the top it had a minimum width of at least 5 metres. Were it possible to expose a longer stretch of this wall the

gigantic scale of this river defence would become manifest. Here, at all events, we have the landing-stage for the blocks of quarried gypsum which were floated down the river before being hauled up into the inner city. It is not difficult to picture the fleets of small Assyrian ships moored to the quays of Calah as they ascended and descended the Tigris carrying their cargoes between Assur and Nineveh. So far there are no inscriptions to give us the authorship of this great work, but it seems reasonable to suppose that

Assur-nasir-pal, the greatest of all Assyrian builders, had a hand in it. Traces of the same quay wall may still be discerned at the south end of his Palace and next season it may become possible to link the two stratigraphically.

The last few weeks of our season at Nimrud were mostly devoted to the task of digging out a building



FIG. 3. FILING CABINETS OF ANCIENT ASSYRIA. BRICK BOXES FOUND NEAR THE NIMRUD ZIGGURAT, WHICH WERE ORIGINALLY USED TO STORE THE INSCRIBED CLAY TABLETS, THE DOCUMENTS OF THAT AGE.

at the foot of the Ziggurat terrace. Here we discovered a complex of administrative units which lay on the direct line of approach to the Temple area where we hope to work next year. Several of the rooms proved to be magazines or store chambers and some of the objects contained within them

probably belonged to high officials and wealthy merchants. Two of the rooms contained large stores of pottery and various domestic articles, such as weights, querns, stone stands, pestles, and mortars. Associated with the pottery there were heaps of wheat, barley, and lentils. Fig. 16 shows a cupboard in one of the walls with delicately made Palace ware cups of the seventh century B.C., as left by their last owner when the place was destroyed. As will be seen from Fig. 15, these vessels only had very small bases and when not in use had to be left upside down, just as they are shown in the cupboard. The discovery in these rooms of large numbers of accurately dated commercial documents is of great importance, for this will enable us to date much of the pottery and many of the articles associated with precision. Fig. 1 illustrates one such document, which is concerned with the sale of a slave for fifty-two shekels of silver, in the eponym year of Milki-ramu, 656 B.C. The impress of the owner's cylinder seal may be clearly seen at the top of the tablet, which is baked hard owing to the fact that the house in which it was found was destroyed by fire together with its contents, probably in the year 612 B.C.

[Continued opposite.]



REVEALED ONCE MORE, AND TO BE RE-ERECTED  
IN ITS SPLENDOUR? THE NIMRUD FRIEZE.



FIG. 5. FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE NORTH GATE: AN ATTENDANT BEARING TRIBUTE FOR THE ASSYRIAN KING, A SACRED CRESCENT, WITH EMBLEMS, BOWLS AND LION-HEADED RHYLLS.



FIG. 7. ANOTHER FOREIGN CAPTIVE, FOLLOWED BY A TRAY OF TRIBUTE TO ASSUR-NASIR-PAL, AND MAKING THE GESTURE OF SUBMISSION WITH HIS FINGERS. ALSO FROM THE NORTH GATE. THE EYE HAS A WHITE INCrustATION.



FIG. 9. THE KING'S VIZIER AND A YOUTHFUL ATTENDANT WITH A STAFF UNDER HIS ARM, APPROACHING THE KING IN THE PROCESSION. THIS BLOCK ALSO CARRIES THE "STANDARD INSCRIPTION."

*Continued.*  
The most interesting of the tablets were discovered in a courtyard, illustrated in Fig. 3. Many of these were letters addressed to King Assur-bani-pal by governors in distant parts of his empire. They had been thrown into the court as rubbish at a time when the level of the building was being raised, but though not found *in situ*, it is clear that this was a literary quarter. The photograph (Fig. 3) shows in the same room a brick bench used by the scribes and the open brick boxes in which the various classes of documents must once have been filed. This year it was our privilege to have with us Mr. C. J. Gadd, the Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities Department of the British Museum, who dealt with all the Assyrian inscriptions. I quote in detail from the brief preliminary report which he has kindly supplied: "About one-half of a prism of Sargon II. (722-705 B.C.) contains a part of the historical annals of his reign. From what can at present be seen before cleaning, this version appears



FIG. 6. ONE OF THE CAPTIVES DOING HOMAGE TO ASSUR-NASIR-PAL IN THE FRIEZE OF THE NORTH GATE. THE CONICAL CAP PROBABLY IMPLIES THAT THE CAPTIVE IS A FOREIGNER.



FIG. 8. TWO ASSYRIAN FIGURES WHO ARE INTRODUCING THE CAPTIVES IN THE PROCESSION OF HOMAGE. THE TABLET ALSO BEARS THE "STANDARD INSCRIPTION" OF ASSUR-NASIR-PAL, RECOUNTING HIS TRIUMPHS.



FIG. 10. THREE EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-CARVED FIGURES MAKING THE GESTURE OF SUBMISSION IN THE PROCESSION OF TRIBUTARIES TO ASSUR-NASIR-PAL. THE EYES ARE ENCRUSTED BLACK AND WHITE.

to have some of the already-known military events, such as the victory over Pisiris of Carchemish, the capture of Samaria, and the campaign against Merodach-baladan of Babylon, but in a somewhat different order, and at greater length than the existing sources, and much interest may be anticipated from the comparison with these. A clay barrel-cylinder (Fig. 4), recovered in three pieces at different times, bears a long inscription of Merodach-baladan himself (Marduk-apal-iddina II.), whose chequered career brought him into contact, mostly hostile, with three Assyrian kings. This cylinder itself was a foundation-inscription made for the temple of Ishtar (E-anna) in the ancient Babylonian city of Erech and for the shrine therein of the god Nin-gish-zida, and its finding in distant Nimrud suggests that it was taken from Babylonia by some Assyrian as a spoil of war, in the campaign of 710 B.C. The cylinder makes an exultant reference to the earlier collision with Sargon in 720 which it claims as a complete victory, and as

*(Continued on page 296.)*





FIG. 11. NEWLY UNCOVERED AND PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE GREAT NORTH GATE OF THE NORTH-WEST PALACE OF ASSUR-NASIR-PAL II., SHOWING THE SCULPTURED RELIEFS OF THE FRIEZE, WHICH MAY BE AGAIN REASSEMBLED.

THE GREAT GATE  
OF ASSUR-NASIR-  
PAL II., THE  
SOURCE OF THE  
POLYCHROME  
IVORIES, AND  
THE HUGE  
TIGRIS QUAY.



FIG. 12. WHERE THE SUPERB POLYCHROME IVORIES WERE DISCOVERED: THE WELL IN THE NORTH-WEST PALACE, DURING ITS EXCAVATION TO A DEPTH OF 83 FT. AND 330 COURSES OF BRICKS.

*Continued.*  
making an end to the long "Subarman" domination over Babylon. Merodach-baladan was the king who, to gather allies for his later revolt against the Assyrians, sent messengers to neighbouring kings, including Hezekiah of Judah, who dallied with the alliance but was rebuked for this rashness by Isaiah (II Kings 20 and Isaiah 39). Remains of a large collection of tablets and fragments consists of about fifty late Assyrian legal documents and about 300 letters of the same period. The contract-tablets, some of which are finely preserved and bear

*[Continued below, left.]*



FIG. 13. ONE OF THIS SEASON'S MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES AT NIMRUD: A SECTION OF THE NEWLY EXCAVATED QUAY WALL (RIGHT), MADE OF ASHLAR BLOCKS AND 27 FT. HIGH, PROBABLY HALF-A-MILE LONG.

*Continued.*  
interesting seal impressions, are concerned with loans (of silver, grain and cloth), sales (of houses, land, male and female slaves), family affairs (marriage and adoption), and legal decisions. Many of these documents date from the last period of the Assyrian kingdom, between about 640 and 612 B.C. The letters, most of which are fragmentary, belong to the same important class of historical documents as those found during the last century at Nineveh.

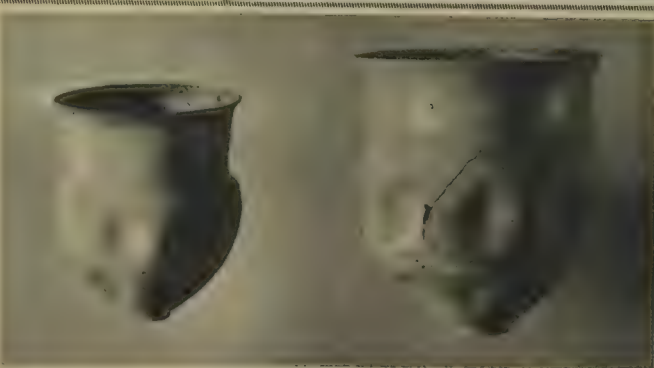
*[Continued below.]*



(ABOVE.) FIG. 14. THE FALLEN BULL-MAN MONSTER IN THE COURTYARD OUTSIDE THE NORTH GATE OF THE NORTH-WEST PALACE. NEXT TO THIS ORIGINALLY STOOD A "NISROCH," PART-EAGLE, PART-MAN.

(LEFT.) FIG. 15. "PALACE WARE" DRINKING-CUPS, FOUND IN THE CUPBOARD OF FIG. 16. THEY ARE SHOWN NATURAL SIZE, AND IT WILL BE SEEN THAT THEY CAN ONLY BE PUT DOWN EMPTY.

(RIGHT.) FIG. 16. A "LIQUOR CABINET" OF 2500 YEARS AGO: A WALL CUPBOARD COMPLETE WITH A GROUP OF TURNED-UP DRINKING-CUPS, ABANDONED IN 612 B.C., AND NOW UNCOVERED SOUTH OF THE NIMRUD ZIGGURAT.



*Continued.*

They are reports to the king from numerous officers and representatives both at home and especially abroad, from which come accounts of provincial administration as well as intelligence upon local conditions and the posture of various foreign friends and enemies. Since these letters are addressed only to 'the King,' it is not always possible to identify which of the late Assyrian monarchs was the receiver, but several writers already identified belong to the reign of Assur-bani-pal (668-about 630 B.C.). The letters found this year at Nimrud seem to be in all

respects similar to the former discoveries at Nineveh; they were simply delivered at Nimrud (Kalhu) because the king chanced to be in residence there at the time of their delivery. Later, they shared the fate of many other 'files,' and were thrown out as rubble to help in blocking up a doorway, where they were unearthed in a very delicate condition." The discovery of this rich collection of documents set the seal to a season which will remain notable in the annals of excavation at Nimrud, a site as rich in performance as it still is in promise.



HOW friendly and communicative are travelling Americans! We have not yet reached Havre and the *United States* has been only a few hours cutting through smooth water with lazy, almost insolent, ease, but already I have had half-a-dozen conversations. At home I have occasionally heard it whispered that I am reserved and keep my small talk for those I know well. The critics would be surprised if they heard me here, though perhaps I have done more listening than talking. I have heard about the daughter married to an airman stationed in East Anglia, what she pays to have her windows cleaned, what the rations looked like—"You mean this is a roast for the whole week-end?"—"No, Madam, for the whole week"—and what the coffee tasted like. This last was an awkward moment and the lady gave me a quick glance to see whether I was touchy before she said all she felt. Then came impressions of Dublin's Georgian architecture, which I knew very well. Was I Irish, by chance? Yes, an Ulsterman. That brought down the house. The old, hitherto rather silent lady on the other side, cried out that her dad came from County Antrim. I said that I came from County Fermanagh. "Fermanagh—Lough Erne—the islands!" Yes, Lough Erne; but Lough Erne is a subject which, for emotional reasons, I cannot really do my stuff about.

No wonder these people, these ladies especially, think we are stuck-up and hard to talk to. Their attitude is not one of universal benevolence. There is no profundity of ideas expressed in their talk—why should there be? They find it natural to talk to anyone in whose presence they find themselves. And with them mind and tongue both move faster than we are accustomed to. This has its disadvantages sometimes. The prig in us wants to put right an obvious error or misunderstanding, but before we have had a chance to do so another altogether different subject has been introduced. What does it matter, after all, if she goes home in ignorance of the fact that we have had a record drought and that normally we grow better lettuces than she saw when she crossed from the green isle to the burnt-up one? Any of us who keep intelligent company know that talk is fun, but some of us are too apt to think that it must be slightly highbrow to be fun. We gain something when we find that talk in the Pullman and in the queue for table reservations—yes, believe it or not, that distinguished English custom has boarded the American ship *United States*—can be fun also.

Now we have said good-bye to Havre. Until

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. IDLE THOUGHTS ON A VOYAGE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

promenade deck, who has travelled in both the "Queens," certainly know how to run comfortable ships. I reply that they have done pretty well themselves this time. Again that quick glance. The American likes to know what foreigners think about him. I have a suspicion that it makes him impatient to discover that many Britons, Englishmen in particular, appear never to think about that subject and are indifferent to, rather than annoyed by, criticism. It seems like arrogance, but I do not believe it is; it may be only lack of imagination. Anyhow, here is one of the differences between the two nations. Both of them are generous enough in their tributes to the good points in each other's nation. But the American likes to be liked. He gives us, but not others, the credit of hiding our feelings when these are not favourable.



"THIS HUGE, LIGHT SHIP GLIDES THROUGH THE WATER WITH SCARCELY A TREMOR. THE VIBRATION IS INCREDIBLY SLIGHT": THE S.S. *United States*, SHOWING PART OF A FIRST-CLASS STATE-ROOM. CAPTAIN CYRIL FALLS WROTE THE ARTICLE WHICH APPEARS ON THIS PAGE WHILE ON HIS WAY TO THE UNITED STATES IN THE NEW AMERICAN LINER.

the comfort of passengers had been provided, yet she has been built, with an eye to the grim times, for rapid conversion into a troop transport. She is booked up, at all events for first-class passengers, into October, both ways, and I am writing at the beginning of August. She has over 600 first-class passengers aboard now.

To find myself with nothing to do except to write this article, and more than time enough to write three, is an unusual experience for me. If I were a novelist I might find work, but as it is, without my books and my sheafs of notes, I am helpless. This was delightful to begin with, but I am already inclined to be impatient. Having acquired the habit, which some doctors say is pernicious, of retiring about nine o'clock to work for an hour or two nearly every night, I am at a loss, after a talk and a last walk on the promenade deck. And in London and Oxford lie chapters in need of revision and lectures which want pulling into shape. Much better for me to be deprived of them and to vegetate, says somebody. I am not sure that this is really true. It seems to me that my kind of work—admittedly pleasanter and more interesting than almost any other—becomes a sort of drug. Without it we can exist and sometimes enjoy ourselves, as I can when I get a rare day's racing, but we speedily begin to fidget and twitch. I could indeed go to a bridge party or see Gregory Peck and Ann Blyth in "World in his Arms," but either would be a glass of beer to a dope addict. I must take a brisk walk.

Now another night has passed, a night which allowed me to sit up late and still enjoy a longer sleep than usual, because the clock was put back an hour and a half. Before I went to bed I watched the auction on the ship's run. On the previous noon-to-noon run she had covered 801 nautical miles, sailing for 25½ hours; but, as the sea had become extremely calm, many bidders expected something a trifle higher this time. Not that there was anything strictly logical about the betting. This seemed to depend in some degree on the mood of the moment. If a man, or just occasionally a woman, had his or her mind set upon obtaining a particular number, there was no strict concentration upon what might be considered the market odds. I did not note the total sum in the pool, but it was between 3000 and 4000 dollars. I jotted down some of the prices paid: for 794 miles, 110 dollars; for 802, 215 dollars; for 804, 225 dollars; for 807, 140 dollars. The interesting part of the auction, apart from the wise-cracks of the auctioneer, was that people who would not have dreamt of bidding in this company, enjoyed it as much as the bidders.



"I SHALL BE SORRY TO STEP OFF THIS LOVELY SHIP, WITH HER WONDERFUL COMFORT AND HER RATHER AUSTERE BUT DELIGHTFUL DECORATIONS": THE S.S. *United States*, SHOWING A VIEW OF THE FIRST-CLASS OBSERVATION LOUNGE AT THE FORWARD END OF THE PROMENADE DECK. THIS ROOM RUNS THE FULL WIDTH OF THE SHIP AND HAS SIXTEEN FULL-LENGTH WINDOWS OF HEAT-TREATED GLASS ON EACH SIDE, WHICH AFFORD AN UNOBSTRUCTED VIEW OF THE SEA. THE CARPET IS A DEEP SEA-GREEN AND THE WALLS ARE PALE BLUE-GRAY. THE CURTAINS ARE HAND-WOVEN.

late last night I watched beautiful American luggage moving in on a conveyor-belt and splendid American cars, emptied of petrol—but I am beginning to talk of gasoline—being pushed by little motor-trucks to their particular crane. We talk about the value of tourist traffic to ourselves, but it must be greater to France. The Americans, however, are not quite happy about their French tours. They say that people are out to skin them, much more so than in England. I try to defend the French from this reproach. Off the beaten track, I say, where they are not spoiled by tourists—I do not say American tourists, of course, but the British can no longer spoil anybody abroad—they are not grasping. "Then I guess we must have been on the beaten track all the time." I am not going to act any longer as counsel for the defendant. I return my brief.

This morning, after a breakfast selected from a choice which left me dizzy, I saw a great sight. A little ahead of us was the *Queen Elizabeth* on the same course. Gradually we drew up on her, then passed her, but for some time the two great ships ran side by side. For beauty of line I think the *Queen Elizabeth* excels the *United States*, but the latter is the last word in modernity. The British, says my neighbour on the

I am being lucky in my company. Yesterday, before the Havre passengers had come aboard, we fed when and where we pleased. To-day I am at my allotted table and feed at the second sittings. Among the others are a married couple returning from a salmon-fishing holiday in Spain and Scotland. I have eaten fine salmon out of the Ebro, but did not know there were so many salmon rivers in Spain. They had fished three. Unfortunately, in Spain and Scotland alike, there was not enough water. Fishermen's talk I always find pleasant in reasonable quantity, but though I have known a fair number of British fishermen, I have never met so whole-hearted a salmon fisherman as this lady. Best of all, she seemed

to realise just how much fish is good for social talk and how soon to switch over to other topics. I have never met more delightful travelling companions. For the first time there is something of a swell, and, though the *United States* makes little of it, some of the ladies and children are retiring. I hope the salmon fisherman is made of sterner stuff. Yes, they are at the dinner table. To-night talk is largely political. Mr. Churchill has a good Press. So has General Eisenhower.

Another morning, no swell, and the sun shining. Now we are nearing mid-Atlantic. We have reached the routine stage of the voyage. Bridge fours have been made up; the putters are getting their hands in on the deck carpet; people do the same things at the same hours. This huge, light ship glides through the water with scarcely a tremor. The vibration is incredibly slight. I am unskilled in the subject of ship design and construction, but I had already noticed that the *United States* threw off no bow-wave when an expert told me that this was one of the secrets of her smoothness when driven at upwards of 40 miles an hour. A little belt of only slightly troubled water clings closely to her sides, but she does not otherwise disturb the surface of the Atlantic. She is, above all, a ship of aluminium. Every conceivable gadget for



"EVERY CONCEIVABLE GADGET FOR THE COMFORT OF PASSENGERS HAS BEEN PROVIDED, YET SHE HAS BEEN BUILT, WITH AN EYE TO THE GRIM TIMES, FOR RAPID CONVERSION INTO A TROOP TRANSPORT": THE LINER S.S. *United States*, SHOWING A VIEW OF THE FIRST-CLASS COCKTAIL LOUNGE, WITH ITS WALL PANELS BY PETER OSTUNI, WHICH ARE FAITHFUL INTERPRETATIONS IN VITREOUS ENAMEL ON COPPER OF THE EPHEMERAL RITUAL SAND PAINTINGS OF THE NAVAJO INDIANS OF THE SOUTH-WEST. THE COCKTAIL LOUNGE IS A LONG GALLERY ON THE STARBOARD SIDE BETWEEN THE SMOKING-ROOM AND THE BALLROOM.

The stewards keeping the record were as happy as anyone. No one seemed to think it wrong to have £70 to throw away or to envy unduly those who had.

This afternoon we are to collect our landing-cards and Customs declaration forms at the purser's office. People are saying that it will be good to be back—no place like the United States. Were I in critical mood, which I am not, I might in the case of some few of them wonder why they took the trouble to travel at all; but the vast majority have doubtless enjoyed themselves. The last weather news from New York talks of a mere 84 in the shade, but I mistrust Washington, which has its own standards and can be vicious in August. I shall be sorry to step off this lovely ship, with her wonderful comfort and her rather austere but delightful decorations. She did a great deal to make the voyage pleasant and to ensure for it a warm place in my memory. Yet the strongest impression remaining with me will be that of the kindness and spontaneous friendliness of those with whom I have talked. "And I hope you are going to enjoy your visit to the United States," runs the formula, "I know you will get a welcome." At all events, I have had it in the S.S. *United States*, which may be called a stepping-stone to American territory.





**JUMPING THE QUEUE : A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF A FEMALE RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRD FLYING DOWN TO A GLADIOLUS ONLY TO FIND A BEE JUST ABOUT TO GO INTO THE FLOWER AHEAD OF HER.**

Mr. Laurence B. Fletcher, a director of the Massachusetts Audubon Society of Boston, has sent us this unique humming-bird picture, which, as he points out, one would be unlikely to get again in a lifetime. The female ruby-throated humming-bird is seen flying down to a gladiolus, only to find a bee going in ahead of her, and for a split second she hovers, spreading her tail-feathers while she pauses for reflection on the situation. Mr. Laurence B. Fletcher recently showed scientists

in London a film of the ruby-throated humming-bird of Central America, which illustrated the feeding and nesting habits of the birds. The ruby-throated humming-bird is the smallest of North American birds, measuring  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ins. in length. It has exceedingly rapid wing-beats, and is able to fly backwards, sideways and "stand still" in the air. Although its long tongue enables it to sip flower nectar, it feeds chiefly on minute insects.





LEAPING TO THE FLY : AN AMAZING FISHING PHOTOGRAPH, SHOWING A RAINBOW TROUT CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA IN THE BRIEF MOMENT THAT IT LEFT THE WATER TO SEIZE THE LURE.

This amazing photograph of a rainbow trout breaking water and leaping to a fisherman's fly is without doubt one of the outstanding pictures of the year. It was taken by Mr. Richard C. Shacklett, of Twin Falls, Idaho, with a 5 x 7 Speed Graphic camera, at a shutter speed of 1000th of a second, with lens opening at F 4.5. Exercising more patience than the most enthusiastic angler, Mr. Shacklett had to make seventy-six exposures before he "caught" his fish. This involved several days of advanced planning and two days of standing constantly in water. Using only a focal-plane shutter, and not a high-speed Strobelight, he succeeded

in catching the trout at the peak of its leap. It is interesting to notice the shallow depth of field shown in the picture; only the trout is in focus, both the foreground and background being out of focus. The three dimensional effect, which adds so much to the naturalness of the photograph, is the result of the sunlight, cutting from the side and back of the trout, and illuminating the scales as well as highlighting the surrounding water. This photograph, which Mr. Shacklett has entitled "Strike!", was shown, enlarged to 40 x 60 inches, at the World Exhibition of Photography, 1952, in Lucerne, Switzerland.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE STOAT'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT was about the time that I received enquiries concerning the hedgehog-and-apples story and the legend of the fox and fleas, that Dr. M. K. Cusack sent me a cutting from the *Irish Times* which seems worth quoting in full. "I believe that naturalists scorn the story, but the legend of the weasel's funeral is very persistent throughout the country, and I have heard recently, through an unimpeachable clerical source, of a professional man in Co. Mayo who actually witnessed this strange ceremony. The observer was driving from Balla to Claremorris when he noticed what he thought was a monster snake crossing the road. He slowed speed, and, on approaching the 'object,' found that it was a procession of weasels. In front were four carrying the body, and behind them came nearly 100 other weasels, two by two. When the 'mourners' had crossed the road, climbed a fence and entered a field, the car-driver followed them, but left them when some of them . . . began to spit at him."

A story is always suspect that is related at second- or third-hand, and, in any case, this one is calculated to make one wonder whether there is not some element of exaggeration in it, or of somebody seeing things that are not there. Let us take it as it stands, however, and analyse its degree of improbability or otherwise.

First of all, it is necessary to explain that what is called in Ireland a weasel is known in this country as a stoat, a somewhat larger though closely-related animal. The Irish form differs slightly, and was at one time thought to represent a different species, but now it is generally regarded as a sub-species at most. In any case, the two are sufficiently alike that there is bound to be a similarity in their behaviour. Coming back to the story, there are three main questions to settle. Is it within the bounds of possibility that nearly a hundred stoats would be seen moving across country in pairs? Is it likely that stoats would be seen carrying the carcass of one of their kind? What would be the significance of such a "funeral" procession?

On the first question, it may be said that stoats are most commonly seen singly, or in pairs at the onset of the breeding season. Later, family parties may often be seen together, up to a dozen. Occasionally, several such parties may join up, and these probably account for reports of "large numbers of stoats"; but very rarely is there placed on record any estimate of their numbers, even as exact as "nearly 100"; and there is usually coupled with such reports a suggestion of belligerency on the part of the stoats, which may account for the failure to take an exact count. The hundred moving in a column of pairs belongs in all probability to another class of phenomenon.

For several years now I have taken note of the passing references scattered in the literature to animals moving in large numbers and in regular formations. We are familiar with this, more especially, in flights of birds, but it appears to be a behaviour common to many other kinds of animals. In a recent book, Rothschild and Clay have referred to fleas leaving a bird's-nest in a migratory column, and there are many other examples of this quasi-military behaviour in insects. In mammals, too, there is a surprising number of examples, even in species not normally given to common action, moving in phalanxes or regular columns. The best-known example is, of course, found in lemmings. At one time I doubted the truth of the lemming story, and in spite of enquiries among naturalists in Scandinavia, was unable to find confirmation of it. More recent evidence, however, seems to make it certain that they do move in columns in their traditional migrations, and with the lemmings, as with all other instances of mammals seen behaving in this way, there is ground for suspecting some communal excitement, or, at least, a common urge, which is saying much the same thing.

That four of the stoats should be carrying the corpse of another stoat is not so easily dealt with, but

even here there is fragmentary evidence, at least, for assuming it to be feasible. There have been several instances within the last twelve months of a grey squirrel seen carrying the dead body of another squirrel. I have seen this myself. Rats, too, are known to carry off their dead, but in their case,

therefore, we can say that it is not beyond the bounds of probability for a quartet of stoats to be seen carrying their dead. Whether the transport of carrion and the mass movement in an orderly column are related phenomena, or whether they are unrelated but can occur simultaneously, is at the moment beside the point. The main thing is that neither is impossible.

The third question, as to the possible significance, is by far the most difficult to attempt to answer. Whether, indeed, this procession of stoats was a funeral procession in the true sense of the term is impossible to say in the present state of our knowledge. The most that can be said is that there is at least one apparently well-authenticated case of a badger's funeral. Further than this we can only speculate, but that in itself leads us to explore several interesting avenues.

When, for example, did man first start to bury his dead? Was it at the Neanderthal or the Piltown level, or was it when the human race had barely begun to merit the name? Burial of the dead is associated in our minds with an emotional attachment, and this is usually accepted as a purely human trait. It would be rash to presume that such attachment is entirely absent from the non-human part of the living world. Thus, a favourite trick of some gamekeepers is—or used to be—to bury a stoat that had just been shot, and then to sit, with gun at the ready, for the dead stoat's mate to come searching for the corpse. Or, again, a female monkey has been known to carry her dead baby about

until it was hardly recognisable as such. These and many other examples of animal behaviour can be, and usually are, interpreted as reflex actions, innate behaviour patterns, and so on. Equally all human actions can, within the field of scientific analysis, be satisfactorily broken down into their component elements. Yet, the fact remains that something approximating closely to what are called grief, sympathy, loyalty, affection, compassion, and the like, which we normally allow only to human beings, can sometimes be suspected even in wild animals.

This does not advance us very far, unless it be to emphasise how little we really know about the private lives of wild beasts and the purpose behind the actions of even the more familiar of them. Such a procession as we have described here may start with one stoat endeavouring to carry away its dead comrade, as we know for certain is done by rats and squirrels, both, incidentally, of a lower intelligence than a stoat. Nor is it impossible that other stoats might come to its assistance. Co-operation between wild animals is not unknown. The remainder of the column might then be formed by others attracted by the impulse to render similar support, or perhaps drawn by a mere curiosity. If we judge by a gross assessment of the brain, we should expect from its little convoluted appearance that there would be in a stoat less individualism than in, say, a fox and a greater tendency to follow-my-leader.

Whatever may be the rights or wrongs of the analysis given here of the stoats' procession, and nobody is more conscious of its inadequacy than the author himself, there is one very strong lesson to be pointed. We have brought the analysis of animal behaviour to an advanced stage, but it is overwhelmingly based on captive specimens, or on individuals hand-reared or in other ways semi-domesticated, or aware of the close proximity of the human observer. Added to this, it is almost exclusively based upon average, normal or commonplace conduct, and cannot therefore take into account the unusual or abnormal, which can be so revealing. It is, of course, extremely valuable as a guide to understanding of what takes place under completely natural circumstances, but it is no more than a guide. At the moment, it is apt to overshadow the more valuable field observations, bringing a tendency to a distorted perspective.



REFERRED TO AS A STOAT'S FUNERAL: THE HEAD OF A PROCESSION OF STOATS (CALLED WEASELS IN IRELAND) NUMBERING NEARLY 100, OBSERVED IN CO. MAYO, FOLLOWING FOUR CARRYING THE CORPSE OF ONE OF THEIR KIND—A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SCENE.

From time to time there have been records of numbers of stoats or weasels moving across country together, and sometimes the van is made up of several of these animals carrying the corpse of one of their kind. Little is known of the significance of such processions, and how far they may, in fact, be funeral processions is discussed on this page.

Drawing by J. Burton.



MODERATELY CONVOLUTED, SHOWING A FAIRLY HIGH LEVEL OF MENTAL DEVELOPMENT, BUT SUGGESTING A LESSER TENDENCY TO INDIVIDUAL ACTION THAN IN, SAY, A FOX: THE BRAIN OF A STOAT.

Speaking broadly, the brain of a stoat or weasel indicates a greater likelihood to imitative action leading to the kind of mass conduct necessary to produce a procession.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

as with the squirrels, it is tacitly assumed that this is for ignoble reasons. On the other hand, there is at least one well-authenticated instance of a herd of elephants having dragged a dead comrade through the jungle all the night, and elephants would hardly be suspected of cannibalism. It may be that those who know wild animals better would have seen such things sufficiently often to regard them as commonplace, even although they may be no more able to offer an explanation for them. At the very lowest assessment,



# THE BRILLIANT OPENING CEREMONIES OF THE SIXTH EDINBURGH FESTIVAL.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SPEAKING AT THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: THE SCENE ON THE CASTLE ESPLANADE.



IN PROCESSION FROM ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THE LORD PROVOST (MR. JAMES MILLER) PRECEDED BY LORD LYON KING OF ARMS.



DIGNITARIES ROYAL, DIPLOMATIC AND CIVIC WHO GRACED THE OPENING OF THE EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE LORD PROVOST (CENTRE, FRONT ROW) PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE INAUGURATION WITH THE AMBASSADORS AND HIGH COMMISSIONERS OF MANY NATIONS WHO ATTENDED.



THE SCENE IN ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH, DURING THE SERVICE WHICH INAUGURATED THE SIXTH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL.



DURING THE SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO OF AUGUST 16 ON THE ESPLANADE, WITH EDINBURGH CASTLE WALLS BEHIND: A ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF TROOPS IN THE UNIFORMS OF MANY AGES.

The Sixth Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama opened on Sunday, August 17, with a brilliant series of ceremonies, which were honoured by the attendance of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Ambassadors, High Commissioners and other representatives of thirty-seven overseas countries. After attending the usual inaugural service at St. Giles' Cathedral, these dignitaries, with the Lord Provost of Edinburgh (Mr. James Miller) and other Scots civic representatives, went in procession to the Castle Esplanade, preceded by Lord



"THE HIGHLAND FAIR"—THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SCOTS BALLAD OPERA BY JOSEPH MITCHELL, WHICH HAS BEEN REVIVED FOR THE FESTIVAL.

Lyon King of Arms. There, after martial music by Dutch, U.S. and French military bands and the Scots Guards band, a guard was mounted by detachments of the Royal Navy, the Scots Guards, and the R.A.F. After a speech of welcome by the Lord Provost, the flags of the nations were unfurled and speeches were delivered by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Chilean Ambassador (the doyen of the Diplomatic Corps), the Belgian Ambassador and the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa. In the evening there was a Sibelius concert.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IT was somewhere in the early 1920's that I first came in contact with the late Lionel de Rothschild. I was showing Alpines at the R.H.S. Hall, and next to me was Herbert Chapman

with a group of his splendid Nerine Rothschild. At midday Chapman went off to lunch, and a moment later Rothschild came along, admired the nerines, and quite obviously wanted to order some of the bulbs. I came to the rescue by offering to take the order and pass it on to Chapman, which I did. Rothschild's thanks seemed to suggest that I had done something unusually noble and altruistic, though to me it seemed the obvious thing to do under the circumstances. As he passed on he said: "It's no use my looking at your Alpines—I have no rock-garden, but if ever I make one you shall build it."

Nothing further happened for a dozen years. Then Rothschild invited me down to Exbury for a week-end, and whilst I was there he showed me an odd little sugar-loaf hill near the house, and asked how it would do for a rock-garden. I could only tell him that it was hopelessly unsuitable. And that, for another two or three years, was that. But I had enjoyed the first of a number of memorable Exbury week-ends. Eventually Rothschild showed me another proposed rock-garden site. It was an extensive piece of ground in the woodland garden, from which gravel had, at some time, been excavated to a depth of some 12 or 15 ft. It was irregular both in outline and in its contours, and was an ideal, ready-made site to work on. Terms were settled, and a steel crane with a

## EXBURY REVISITED.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

Exbury week-ends were delightful, intensely interesting and utterly exhausting. At that time Rothschild was busily developing and planting his 200-acre woodland garden. Here he was planting thousands of rhododendrons, both wild species from the Far Eastern expeditions that he was supporting, and great numbers of hybrids of his own raising. Here, too, he was planting out all the best azaleas, magnolias and camellias, as well as innumerable trees and shrubs from various plant-collecting expeditions, past and contemporary; cotoneasters, junipers, prunus, hydrangeas, buddleias, berberis, and so on.



"AFTER BREAKFAST ROTHSCHILD WOULD STUFF HIS POCKETS WITH CIGARS AND SET OUT WITH HIS GUESTS . . . ON A LONG MORNING'S TOUR OF INSPECTION . . . OCCASIONALLY ROTHSCHILD WOULD STOP TO EFFECT THE ACTUAL CROSSING OF SOME RHODODENDRON": A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LATE MAJOR LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD TAKEN AT EXBURY DURING ONE OF THE WEEK-ENDS DESCRIBED BY MR. ELLIOTT ON THIS PAGE.

But this was only one side of his horticultural interest and activities. In the great range of greenhouses that he had built he had superb collections of hippeastrums, clivias and orchids, and among these plants, as well as among the azaleas and rhododendrons, he was actively engaged in the raising of new and improved hybrids. Much of this work, the actual crossing and hybridising, he did with his own hands.

Usually there were several other people staying at Exbury during those week-ends, all of them interested in one branch of gardening or another. After breakfast Rothschild would stuff his pockets with cigars and set out with his guests, and Bedford, his head gardener, on a long morning's tour of inspection, and, as often as not, the afternoon would be devoted to the same sort of thing. We walked miles during the course of the day, visiting special plants flowering at their best—or perhaps for the first time. Occasionally Rothschild would stop to effect the actual crossing of some rhododendron, by mating it with pollen from some other species. Or there would be the results of such crossings to inspect, hybrid seedlings just germinating, or just coming into first flower. In the greenhouses it was the same. There were fresh crossings among the orchids, the clivias and the hippeastrums to be suggested, discussed or actually put into practice. Rothschild's knowledge of his plants and his memory for their names and pedigrees were astonishing. In buying plants he bought only the very best and finest of their kind, whether they were orchids, clivias, hippeastrums, nerines or rhododendrons, and so, in

plant-breeding, he was able to achieve outstandingly fine results. I remember one evening at Exbury he was studying the catalogue of a forthcoming sale of orchids.

"Tell me," I asked him, "tell me—if it is not an impertinent question—what was the biggest price you ever paid for an individual orchid plant?"—"It is an impertinent question," he rapped at me (and on occasion he *could* bark!)—"Well, what did you pay for it, anyway," I asked. At that he laughed and told me the whole story, the name of the orchid, the price he paid, and the priceless hybrids he obtained by means of its pollen, not to mention getting his money back in a very short time by disposing of offshoots from the original specimen. And the price that he paid? Do not ask me impertinent questions. How could I possibly betray a confidence—when I have completely forgotten whether it was £500 or—well, it was less than £1000, anyway.

Then came the war, and for ten or twelve years I saw no more of Exbury. What happened there during those difficult years I do not fully know. The garden staff melted, of course, to a minimum. The bulk of the greenhouse plants were dispersed—the clivias, the hippeastrums, and certain, but not all the orchids. Presumably tomatoes were grown in their place. In the open air—the woodland garden—the trees and shrubs were able to remain, and could largely look after themselves. Somehow things were kept ticking over. In 1942 Lionel de Rothschild died, a great and serious loss to British horticulture. Exbury was left, so to speak, without its mainspring. But I understand that Mrs. Lionel de Rothschild performed most gallant miracles in keeping the garden going. To-day Exbury is being run on commercial lines, under the very able management of Peter Barber, and Edmund de Rothschild, Lionel's son, is becoming more and more deeply and knowledgeably interested in all that his father accomplished, and the unique horticultural foundations that he laid.

In March, 1950, I paid a brief visit to Exbury with a neighbour who wanted to purchase camellia bushes, and we were lucky enough to see the great parent specimens flowering superbly in the woodland garden. The following year I was there again, just after the



SITUATED TEN MILES FROM BROCKENHURST, ON THE EAST BANK OF THE BEAULIEU RIVER, HAMPSHIRE: EXBURY HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE MAJOR LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD, AS SEEN FROM THE GROUNDS, WHICH HIS SON NOW MAINTAINS TO PROVIDE PARENT PLANTS FROM WHICH EXTENSIVE PROPAGATION IS DONE, THE RESULTING PLANTS BEING SENT TO COUNTRIES OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND TO THE UNITED STATES.

60-ft. jib was bought, for placing the 2000 tons of rock that were to be used. Many of the rocks weighed up to 5 and 6 tons apiece. The rock-garden was built under my general direction, and under the immediate supervision of my then rock builder, E. K. Balls. It was not to be an Alpine rock-garden. It was built solely as a home and setting for the dwarf species of rhododendron, all of which Rothschild planted or arranged himself. He was dead-right to exclude conventional Alpines, and rock plants such as aubrietias, saponarias, dwarf phlox, etc., and I would never have suggested them. But there were certain spaces, especially crevices between big rocks in cliff formation, which cried aloud to be clothed with dwarf evergreen vegetation. The smaller Gaultherias and Vaccineums, for instance, anything of that nature would have done to clothe the gaping crevices and pull the great rocks together. From that point of view I was never entirely happy about the result. But Rothschild was well satisfied, and that was the all-important thing, for he was the most satisfactory and generous man I ever worked for. He wanted the best, knew when he had got the best, and paid on the best level without question. He was that extremely rare thing, a very wealthy man who realised that for work carried out one was entitled to a decent profit, and he sincerely wished and expected one to make it.

child would stuff his pockets with cigars and set out with his guests, and Bedford, his head gardener, on a long morning's tour of inspection, and, as often as not, the afternoon would be devoted to the same sort of thing. We walked miles during the course of the day, visiting special plants flowering at their best—or perhaps for the first time. Occasionally Rothschild would stop to effect the actual crossing of some rhododendron, by mating it with pollen from some other species. Or there would be the results of such crossings to inspect, hybrid seedlings just germinating, or just coming into first flower. In the greenhouses it was the same. There were fresh crossings among the orchids, the clivias and the hippeastrums to be suggested, discussed or actually put into practice. Rothschild's knowledge of his plants and his memory for their names and pedigrees were astonishing. In buying plants he bought only the very best and finest of their kind, whether they were orchids, clivias, hippeastrums, nerines or rhododendrons, and so, in



FORMING MASSES OF COLOUR ALONG A DRIVE-WAY AT EXBURY HOUSE: SOME OF THE RHODODENDRONS AND AZALEAS IN WHICH THE LATE MAJOR LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD SPECIALISED AND DELIGHTED TO SHOW HIS GUESTS.

rhododendrons were past their best. It was heartening to see the place in quite remarkably good order, with every sign of active restoration and fresh development in progress. Propagation of rhododendrons, azaleas, camellias and many other choice shrubs was in full swing on a large scale. And the rhododendron rock-garden? That had largely gone wild, with many of the rhododendrons holding their own surprisingly well, in spite of inevitable neglect. I like it thus better than when all was tended and shipshape. Certain rampant wild growths were hiding a multitude of constructional and geological sins.



# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS. PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**BEFORE LEAVING FOR CANADA:**  
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD NYE, NEWLY-APPOINTED HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM IN CANADA, WITH HIS WIFE AND FAMILY.

Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Nye, formerly High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in India, left London on August 12 to take up his new appointment as High Commissioner in Canada. He was accompanied by Lady Nye and Miss Harriet Nye, their daughter, and by Miss Sheila Stevenson, Lady Nye's daughter by her first marriage.



**REAR-ADMIRAL E. M. C. ABEL SMITH.**

The Queen has approved the appointment of Rear-Admiral E. M. C. Abel Smith to be Flag Officer, Royal Yachts, the appointment to take effect from February next. Rear-Admiral Abel Smith has been Vice-Controller (Air), Chief of Naval Air Equipment, and Chief Naval Representative, Ministry of Supply, since 1950.



**MR. KEITH HOLYOAKE.**

The New Zealand Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Agriculture and Marketing and of Scientific and Industrial Research since 1949. Mr. Holyoake arrived recently in this country for talks with Major Lloyd George, the British Minister of Food. He represented New Zealand farmers at the London World Conference in 1946.



**MR. DAVE SANDS.**

Died in hospital in New South Wales after a motoring accident. Mr. D. Sands, an Australian Aborigine, was Empire Middle-weight Boxing Champion. He won the title by knocking out Dick Turpin at Harringay three years ago. His last fight was in London last November, when he was beaten by Y. Pompee, the West Indian.



**THE SOUTH AFRICAN MINISTER OF FINANCE: MR. HAVENGA, WHO WITH MRS. HAVENGA, ARRIVED IN LONDON ON AUGUST 15 EN ROUTE FOR MEXICO CITY.**

Mr. Havenga, the South African Minister of Finance, landed at Southampton on August 15 with Mrs. Havenga to spend five days in London en route for Mexico City, where he is attending the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund and World Bank. Before leaving this country on August 20, Mr. Havenga expected to see the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Churchill.



**IN THE GARDEN OF NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, AFTER THEIR WEDDING: MR. ANTHONY EDEN AND HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY MISS CLARISSA SPENCER CHURCHILL, WITH THE PRIME MINISTER AND MRS. CHURCHILL.**

After their marriage at Caxton Hall Register Office, London, on August 14, Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, and his bride, formerly Miss Clarissa Spencer Churchill, drove to No. 10, Downing Street, where the reception was held. The guests at the reception included the Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill, Sir Timothy Eden, Lord and Lady Salisbury, Lord Warwick and Lord Bracken. A photograph of Mr. Eden and his bride leaving Caxton Hall appears on page 284.



**MAJOR-GENERAL LLEWELLYN WANSBOROUGH-JONES.**

The Minister of Defence has appointed Major-General Llewellyn Wansborough-Jones as Principal Staff Officer to the Deputy Supreme Command, Allied Powers in Europe. He is at present Chief of Staff, Western Command, and will take up his new appointment in succession to Major General Redman, next November.



**BEING BRIEFED AT THE WHITE HOUSE. MR. STEVENSON (RIGHT), THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE, WITH PRESIDENT TRUMAN AND SENATOR SPARKMAN (STANDING).**

On August 12 Mr. Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, arrived in Washington and went to the White House, where he had talks with President Truman about foreign and military affairs and the election campaign. Also present was Senator Sparkman, the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Truman said afterwards that it had been a pleasure to show Mr. Stevenson round the house where he would live after next January 20.



**WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE WEST GERMAN FEDERAL REPUBLIC: EX-CROWN PRINCE RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA (LEFT) AT THE NUREMBERG NATIONAL MUSEUM CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.**

During the celebrations to mark the 100th anniversary of the foundation of the National Museum, Nuremberg, Germany, Professor Heuss, President of the Federal Republic and Director of the Museum, appointed the ex-Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria as an honorary member of the Museum's Executive Committee. Ex-Prince Rupprecht, born in 1869, is descended from the Stuart Kings of the United Kingdom through his mother, the Arch-Duchess Marie-Thérèse of Austria-Este.



# THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

## THE DEAR CHILDREN.

By ALAN DENT.

IT is a solemn and affrighting thought that if we all hated the U.S.A. as much as some of us hate American children as depicted on the screen, then the whole world would shrivel up and split in two in next to no time. It is perfectly possible, of course, that the American film-critics may have at some time or other

Mr. Hawkins gives so much craggy character to Mandy's particular teacher—big, gentle, shabby, shaggy, single-minded, and a heart of gold—that we are almost tempted to forgive the conventional course the story is forced to take on his behalf. (More than one of my own friends, by the way, have pointed out that the character drawn by Mr. Hawkins in this film looks exactly like the film-critic of this journal! I can only hope that Mr. Hawkins feels as flattered as I do.)

But it is, of course, little Mandy herself who is this film. The big moments when she first succeeds in pronouncing the letter M and later, long afterwards, her own full name of Mandy are of direct and immense human appeal. But there are one or two momentary incidents which thrill me even more, because they are even better "cinema." One occurs when the child's parents are discussing her future on a bench in the park. Mandy strays to some children who are playing ball in the neighbourhood. These children take Mandy for a half-wit, not realising she is a deaf-mute. And the mother of one

of them pushes Mandy back into her parents' hands with a harsh exclamation to the effect that she is insane and should be kept apart. Earlier, and even more appalling, is a moment when Mandy strays from her grandparents' home through a hole in the garden-wall, and is all but run over by a motor lorry. The driver dismounts and angrily abuses the child for having been the direct cause of what might so easily have been a fatal accident. Suddenly his words

fade away into complete silence, and we see only his face and mouth gesticulating in his rage. We are suddenly beholding this man through Mandy's frightened eyes, and we are by the same brilliant device made immediately aware of the horror of being shouted at by someone who has no notion that his vehemence is utterly inaudible. This single ghastly minute makes the film's whole point, and ought to stimulate all thinking persons to an active sympathy where hitherto they may only have been indifferent and apathetic over human afflictions which may not happen directly to concern them. The up-to-date remedial measures are fascinating, and make a core of first-rate "documentary" embedded in a film which ought to reach the masses, and probably will.

An American picture called "Room for One More" will have no difficulty whatever in reaching our masses, because it contains that excellent and popular light comedian, Cary Grant, who would remain a silver-screen idol even if he had the notion of appearing as Ibsen's John Gabriel Borkman. This time this chindented charmer is a father—known to his three children as "Poppy"—who complies with his wife's over-hospitable notions. Not only does this wife (Betsy Drake) harbour a stray dog and a cat which is uncommonly prolific, she must also adopt a malignant little girl whose parents had parted, and a sullen and sore and silent little boy whose legs are in irons. "Poppy's" wife, being an angel of tolerance, converts the vixen into a dutiful paragon and the sour cripple into a model Boy Scout who, in the film's nauseating culmination, wins the highest badge a U.S. Boy Scout can win, and informs the assembly that he will keep the Scout Law and be clean physically, awake mentally, and straight morally. Persuaded to say a few words further, he adds: "Well, I had a lot of help—I had the chance to pick my own parents!" And everybody comes smilingly away from the prize-giving, and the film is over.

The moral would seem to be that a child has only to choose his foster-parents wisely in order to be a credit to them, to himself, and to the world in general. But what of the three children in the film who are born in the normal way and are unadopted? What of them,



"MR. GRANT'S CHARM AND ADDRESS AND HUMOROUS PATIENCE ARE SUCH THAT HE KEEPS MY OWN EXASPERATION UNDER BOILING-POINT RIGHT UP TO THE BEGINNING OF THE LAST FIVE MINUTES": "ROOM FOR ONE MORE" (WARNER BROS.), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM WITH "POPPY" ROSE (CARY GRANT), ANNA ROSE (BETSY DRAKE) AND THE CHILDREN JANE (IRIS MANN), TEENSIE (GEORGE WINSLOW), JIMMY-JOHN (CLIFFORD TATUM), TROT (GAY GORDON) AND TIM (MALCOLM CASSELL). THE FILM IS DIRECTED BY NORMAN TAIROG.

been moved to the same observation about England and about English children as depicted on the screen. They may have had occasion to find our own children insular, goody-goody, priggish, affected in speech, snobbish, class-conscious, cricket-ridden, over-refined, over-obedient, over-reticent and soft (morally, mentally and physically). Deplorable, I agree, but always possible!

They won't, though, be able to trot out any of these epithets for the English children in "Mandy" (directed by Alexander Mackendrick)—a film whose primary purpose is to show how deaf-mute children can be trained to talk. For all the children in this film have been afflicted from birth with the absence of two of the five senses. The central figure, Mandy (Mandy Miller), is a little girl whose parents have delayed far too long in sending her to one of the Royal Residential Schools for Deaf Children. Her mother (Phyllis Calvert) had, ever since the first discovery of the child's affliction, wanted to send her to some such institution. But her father (Terence Morgan) had too much of the wrong kind of shame to approve, and he is backed in his disapproval by that of his over-conservative parents, a gushing mother and a lazy father.

Mandy's mother had, therefore, to make her fight alone—to go and live in a big North Country city, where the best of such schools exist, so that she could board her little deaf-and-dumb daughter, whom circumstances forced to be a day-pupil only.

And then—oh dear, oh dear!—the chief teacher at the school (Jack Hawkins) must fall in love with Mandy's mother, and one of the school's directors, who is his mortal enemy (Edward Chapman), must set up a scandal which brings Mandy's father up on the night train from London to make a scene and carry his infant daughter back to her adoring grandparents. All this part of the film "cannot but make the judicious grieve." But even while we grieve we have to admit the facts, which are that the great mob, those whom Hamlet called "the unskilful," simply must have its regulation dollop of marital infidelity—or, at least, the appearance of it—in a serious film. Otherwise it simply stays away from "Mandy" altogether. It should not be so. But it just is so.

Mr. Mackendrick's direction of the child has rightly and everywhere been declared to be nothing short of miraculous. But I found his casting and deployment of the other characters hardly less admirable. Miss Calvert has never appeared to such good advantage before. Mr. Morgan makes at least a credible something out of the almost hopelessly difficult part of the child's father. Mr. Chapman is dead-right as the Ibsenish school-director (if we must have him at all!). Miss Nancy Price is a strikingly felicitous choice as a semi-retired directress, deaf herself, who cannot stay away from her school. And



"IT IS, OF COURSE, LITTLE MANDY HERSELF WHO IS THIS FILM": "MANDY," DIRECTED BY ALEXANDER MACKENDRICK, SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH MANDY'S MOTHER DECIDES, REGRETFULLY, THAT SHE MUST TAKE HER AWAY FROM SCHOOL, BUT THE TEACHER, MISS STOCKTON (DOROTHY ALLISON—LEFT) AND THE HEADMASTER, SEARLE (JACK HAWKINS), HATE TO ADMIT DEFEAT. MUCH OF THIS PRODUCTION WAS FILMED AT THE ROYAL RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS FOR THE DEAF.



"A FILM WHOSE PRIMARY PURPOSE IS TO SHOW HOW DEAF-MUTE CHILDREN CAN BE TRAINED TO TALK": "MANDY" (A MICHAEL BALCON PRODUCTION), SHOWING MANDY (MANDY MILLER) WITH HER MOTHER, CHRISTINE (PHYLLIS CALVERT), AND FATHER, HARRY (TERENCE MORGAN). SOME CHILDREN IN THE PARK, NOT REALISING THAT MANDY IS DEAF AND UNABLE TO SPEAK, TEASE HER BY TAKING HER BALL AWAY. NEARLY HYSTERICAL, MANDY TURNS ON HER MOTHER.

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indeed? My own opinion of them is somewhat biased by the fact that what they say is largely unintelligible. All around me were people whooping with laughter at all they said. But I gathered only enough to form the view that all three of them were precocious, wizened, disobedient, greedy, selfish, raucous, under-reticent, over-pampered, and even more in need of smacking than their adopted sister. But Mr. Grant's charm and address and humorous patience are such that he keeps my own exasperation under boiling-point right up to the beginning of the last five minutes.



# SENORA PERON'S FUNERAL PROCESSIONS.

Accompanied by full military honours, Señora Perón's body was taken on August 10 to the building of the General Confederation of Labour. It is to remain there for a year until a worthy permanent mausoleum is built in the centre of Buenos Aires and the time needed for embalming, to ensure "absolute corporeal permanence," Señora Perón's last wish, is completed. The body, which had lain in state at the Ministry of Labour since the day after her death on July 26, was moved to Congress on August 9 for another day's lying-in-state. At the funeral, the coffin was borne on a gun-carriage drawn by fifty men and women workers in white and blue uniforms through streets lined by troops with fixed bayonets draped in black crêpe, who presented arms. President Perón, relatives, Cabinet Ministers and diplomats walked immediately behind the gun-carriage. A twenty-one-gun salute was fired as the cortège reached the Labour headquarters.



ARRIVING AT THE FLOWER-BEDECKED CONGRESS BUILDING FOR ANOTHER DAY'S LYING-IN-STATE: THE COFFIN OF SEÑORA PERÓN BORNE ON A GUN-CARRIAGE BETWEEN COLUMNS OF TROOPS ON ITS WAY FROM THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR.



BORNE ON A GUN-CARRIAGE DRAWN BY FIFTY WORKERS: SEÑORA PERÓN'S COFFIN ON ITS JOURNEY FROM CONGRESS TO THE BUILDING OF THE GENERAL CONFEDERATION OF LABOUR, WHERE IT WILL REMAIN FOR A YEAR



A GREAT PERONISTA PARTY TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION THAT WAS EXTENDED UNTIL DAYBREAK: THE SCENE IN FRONT OF CONGRESS, WHERE SEÑORA PERÓN'S BODY WAS LYING-IN-STATE DURING THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 9-10.

# ASPECTS OF THE ENGLISH SCENE.



THE FIRST FLOODLIT CRICKET MATCH TO BE PLAYED IN ENGLAND: THE SCENE AT HIGHBURY STADIUM WHEN MIDDLESEX BEAT THE ARSENAL BY THREE WICKETS IN A THIRTEEN-A-SIDE MATCH ON AUGUST 11. A WHITE BALL AND STUMPS WERE USED.



THE HAPPY ISSUE OUT OF A LONG PERIOD OF ANXIETY OVER THE FATE OF A FINE HISTORIC BUILDING: THE JACOBEBAN MAISON DIEU HOUSE IN THE CENTRE OF DOVER, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN REPAIRED AND CONVERTED INTO A PUBLIC LIBRARY.



MAKING THE SUSSEX DOWNS SAFE FOR THE ESSENTIAL PURPOSES OF PEACE: MEMBERS OF AN ARMY CLEARANCE SQUAD SWEEPING THE DOWNLAND AT FALMER, FOR SHELLS AND OTHER HIGH EXPLOSIVES AND MISSILES.

A crowd of some 7000 spectators saw the first floodlit game of cricket ever played in this country on August 11, when Middlesex beat the Arsenal by three wickets in a thirteen-a-side match in aid of the benefit fund for Jack Young at Highbury Stadium. A white ball and stumps were used. Arsenal made their 189 in daylight. Middlesex reached 237 before the Bedser twins, umpiring, pulled stumps at 10.30 p.m. The match was televised.—The conversion of the Maison Dieu House, Dover, a fine Jacobean building which was for 150 years before Waterloo the residence of the Agent Victualler, Royal Navy, into a public library is now complete, and the building was recently opened by Lady Cornwallis, in the absence through illness of the Lord Lieutenant of Kent.—The area of downland between Brighton and Lewes was used during the war as a battle training ground. Army Clearance Units have been sweeping it clear of bombs and other missiles, so that it can come under cultivation.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. PORTABLE TIMEKEEPERS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

WE take precision instruments so much for granted, whether chronometers or machine tools or aeroplane engines, that it is a little difficult to put ourselves back into an age when every small detail had to be made by hand, when micrometers were undreamed of, and when inventors were groping, almost in the dark, towards scientific accuracy.

I was writing recently on this page (June 14) about the fascinating British Clock-makers' Heritage Exhibition at the Science Museum, South Kensington, organised by the British Horological Institute, and on that occasion discussed the clocks. The show remains open until September 14, which gives me the opportunity for a word or two about the watches—nearly 200 of them, illustrating every possible English variety from the year 1600

to 1830. The trouble about small things of this kind is that they are particularly difficult to display to perfection; there they all are, simply begging to be picked up and examined under a strong lens, and, of course, one just cannot allow them to be passed from hand to hand—far too many of us would be tempted to drop a few in our pockets and walk blandly away. There is a further difficulty in a comprehensive exhibition of this character—unless you are of the toughest possible fibre, your eyes cannot deal with so great an array in the course of a single visit; you are prone to examine far too many, and before you know what has happened you have acquired a headache and a very blurred impression of a whole series of objects, which, taken half-a-dozen at a time, would prove to be of extraordinary interest.

Here are a few photographs which give some indication of the range of the show, and of the extreme ingenuity of early watchmakers, not only as mechanics, but as co-partners with jewellers and enamellers. Indeed, the earlier watches have almost to be thought of as jewels rather than as instruments designed for a special purpose—that is, until the year 1675, when the Dutch mathematician, Christiaan Huygens, published his invention of the spring-controlled balance—for until then they were little more than expensive

the person. This was at the beginning of the sixteenth century. France made them soon afterwards, and England during the last years of Elizabeth I. Here is one of the earliest in the exhibition (Fig. 1), of about the year 1600, by Jacques Bulke, of London. The dial is engraved with a pattern of arabesques, and on each numeral is a small pinhead (just visible in the photograph) so that the owner could find the hour in the dark. The dial is protected by a pierced metal case—the dial itself is gilt. One can, of course, see the hand through the pierced cover, and this was the usual method of protection at the beginning. Then rock crystal—after about 1630, glass. Shapes were of all kinds—cruciform, octagonal, and so forth, until finally the circular became standard.

Consider now Fig. 5, of about 1660, by Benjamin Hill, London. The outer case is of leather and decorated with silver studs, the inner one of silver. The dial is gilt with a silver chapter-ring and provides the following information—hours, calendar, moon and hour of moonrise and signs of the Zodiac—about as much as anyone can demand in so small a space. Fig. 2 is of gold, both case and dial, and hall-marked 1700, by Peter Fardoil, London. A balance pendulum can be seen through the aperture at the top, while the hours are shown on a sector. The pointer (visible in the photograph on the left at 7 o'clock) travels on to the extreme right, and then flicks back to start again at 6, while the minute hand moves round the concentric circle below. Fig. 4, of about 1785, is also of gold (gold *repoussé*), with

spring is to be found in the notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci, c. 1490, where are sketches of a fusee. "The fusee consists of a cone-shaped piece of metal with a spiral groove cut in it to take a length of gut. This gut is also wound round the barrel containing the spring, and the mechanism is so arranged that when the spring is wound up the pull from the gut acts at the smallest radius of the fusee and in consequence has the least purchase. The fusee is still in use to-day where timekeeping is of paramount importance."

There are in the exhibition ten watches by Thomas Tompion, and those of us who automatically think of clocks rather than watches when we read that famous name, are put right by Mr. R. W. Symonds, who informs us that Tompion's main output was watches and his reputation depended chiefly upon them. He began to number his products in 1680 and from that

year until his death he produced 6000—ten times more than his 600 clocks; moreover, that they were sent back to him for repair from as far away as Paris, Vienna, Venice and Rome; truly an enviable reputation!

I intended, when I began this note to say nothing about him at all, on the ground that, great man though he was, a dozen others did most excellent work during his lifetime—but he has insisted upon an appearance and cannot be denied—and somehow or other one of his watches must be squeezed in as well. Here it is

in Fig. 3; to my mind sharply distinguished from the others, for all their charming ingenuity, by the sober elegance of the dial and the well-spaced clarity of the figures upon it. The case is of gilt-brass, pierced and engraved. It has a minute hand, and the centre hand is for the alarm. Date, soon after 1675. Alarms, we are told, were popular during the seventeenth century, fell out of favour during the eighteenth, and were revived about 1800.

Finally, a few brief descriptions to show the great variety of decoration and shape. "Gold case, covered with turquoise blue enamel enriched with daisies." "Sixteen-lobed gold case studded with eighty-nine turquoises." "Scalloped silver melon-shaped case." "Small oval-acorn shaped cast silver case." "Circular silver case, the covers engraved with Adam and Eve, Mars and Venus, and on the back a true lovers' knot on which are engraved verses from 'Britannia's Pastorals,' by William Brown of Tavistock, published 1613." "Case and cover of smoke rock-crystal without any frame; gold dial with red and green enamel." And here is the most luxurious of them all: "Oval gold case with 691 pearls, twenty-five diamonds, and



FIG. 1. BY JACQUES BULKE, LONDON, c. 1600: A WATCH IN A ROUND PIERCED GILT-METAL CASE.

This watch is provided with "feeling pins" on the dial for finding the hour in the dark.



FIG. 2. BY PETER FARDOIL, LONDON: A GOLD WATCH, HALL MARK 1700.

The hours on the gold dial of this watch are shown on a sector; on reaching the right-hand side of this the pointer flicks back. A balance pendulum shows in the aperture.



FIG. 3. BY THOMAS TOMPION, LONDON, 1671-1713: A WATCH WITH A GILT-BRASS PIERCED AND ENGRAVED ROUND CASE. The centre hand is for the alarm. The dial is beautifully legible and elegant. Early Masonic arms are engraved on the back.

(Lent by Mr. C. A. Ilbert.)

a plain Dutch-style dial, and with hands and key—a very pretty, luxurious touch, this—studded with diamonds.

So much, then, for the outward form of these delicious objects upon which such pains were lavished; no wonder they must be kept locked up! But the exhibition is a good deal more than a display of the minor decorative crafts: it has a serious scientific purpose as befits its venue and the catalogue contains a succinct account of the technical development of the watch—or portable timekeeper—in England from the

pen of Mr. Courtenay A. Ilbert, F.B.H.I., who has contributed many watches from his own collection. Among other things, he reminds us that the earliest record of a mechanism to even out the strength of a



FIG. 5. SHOWING THE OUTER CASE OF LEATHER, DECORATED WITH SILVER STUDS (RIGHT): A WATCH BY BENJAMIN HILL, LONDON, 1640-70. This watch tells many things, the hours, calendar, moon and hour of moonrise and the signs of the Zodiac.

coloured enamel." It once belonged to Catherine the Great. So comprehensive an exhibition as this cannot, I imagine, be arranged a second time for many years to come; I would strongly recommend a visit.



FIG. 4. WITH AN OUTER CASE OF GOLD REPOUSSÉ (LEFT): A WATCH BY JOHN PERIGAL, LONDON, 1781-1800.

This repeater watch has a Dutch-type enamel dial with diamond-set hands and key.

toys, worn outside the clothing, and thoroughly unreliable. They were, as is natural, developed from the table clock, and Nuremberg has the honour of having made the first watches small enough to be carried on



## ON LAND, IN THE AIR AND AT SEA: SPORTING AND OTHER OCCASIONS.



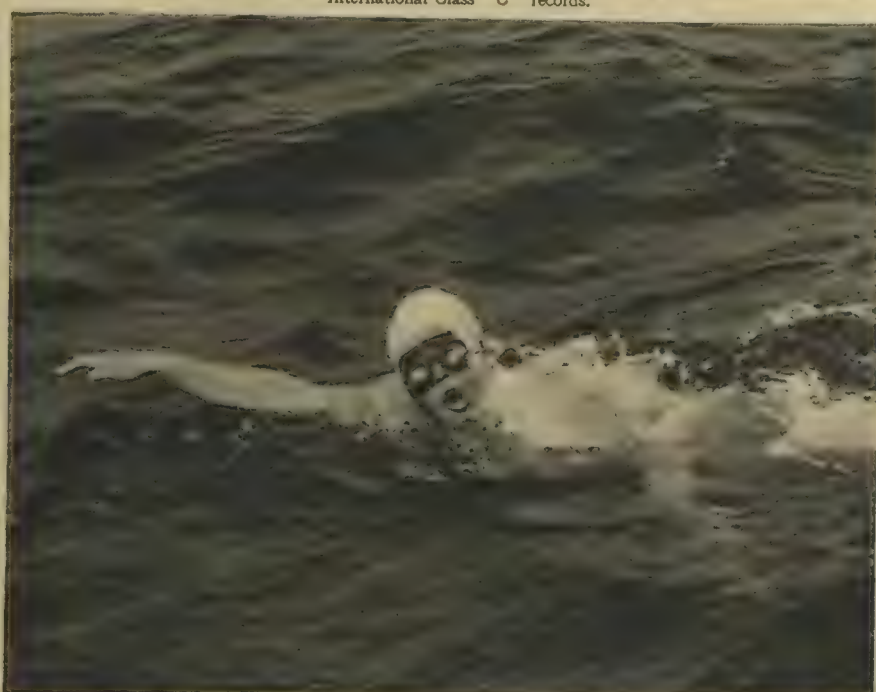
THE 30-MINUTE MAIDEN FLIGHT OF THE BRISTOL *BRITANNIA* AIRLINER: A VIEW OF THE AIRCRAFT ABOVE FILTON AIRFIELD, BRISTOL, ON AUGUST 16. On August 16 the Bristol *Britannia* airliner, piloted by the chief test pilot, Mr. A. J. Pegg, with a crew of two flight engineers, two flight test observers and an electrical engineer, made a 30-minute maiden flight from Filton Airfield, Bristol. B.O.A.C. have ordered a fleet of twenty-five *Britannia* aircraft powered by four Proteus turbo-props. The airliner can carry fifty passengers on long-distance flights or over a hundred on shorter flights. The aircraft made three circuits of the airfield at about 4000 ft.



SEEN DURING ITS SEVEN-DAY HIGH-SPEED ENDURANCE TEST AT THE MONTLHÉRY TRACK, NEAR PARIS: THE JAGUAR XK 120 COUPÉ, WHICH BROKE FOUR WORLD RECORDS. On August 12 an XK 120 production model fixed-head coupé Jaguar drew to a stop at the Montlhéry race track, near Paris, having run for seven days and nights at an average speed of 100.31 m.p.h. During this run, in which 16,851.73 miles were covered, the British Jaguar and its team of drivers, headed by Leslie Johnson and assisted by Stirling Moss, Jack Fairman and Bert Hadley, set up four world records and five International Class "C" records.



RECEIVING REFRESHMENT WHEN FOUR MILES OFF DOVER: MR. VICTOR BIRKETT, WHO SWAM THE CHANNEL ON AUGUST 15, THE FIRST TO DO SO THIS YEAR. Mr. Victor Birkett, aged twenty-six, of Eastbourne, became the first to swim the Channel this year when he walked ashore at Dover at 7.58 p.m. on August 15, having entered the water at Cris Nez at 4.35 a.m. Miss Mayo landed a few minutes later and she was followed by Bakr Soliman, an Egyptian, at 9.50 p.m. The two British swimmers landed in a thunderstorm and at one time were about a mile apart and almost level. The record for the crossing from France to England is 10 hours 50 mins.



THE FIRST WOMAN TO SWIM THE CHANNEL THIS YEAR: MISS KATHLEEN MAYO, OF BOLTON, SEEN ON THE LAST STAGE OF HER SWIM. Miss Kathleen Mayo, aged twenty, a factory girl from Farnworth, near Bolton, Lancashire, began her swim at 3.10 a.m. from Sangatte and landed at Folkestone at 8.5 p.m. Miss Mayo attempted to swim the Channel last year and said of her successful crossing: "I was sick practically the whole way across, but I didn't mean to let the Channel beat me this time. It was a rough sea but I did not find it too tiring." The record time for the swim by a woman is 12 hours 43 minutes.



ROYAL HORSEMANSHIP; PRINCESS IRENE OF THE NETHERLANDS PUTTING HER HORSE OVER A JUMP AT A HORSE SHOW HELD AT THE HAGUE ON AUGUST 16. This charming photograph shows Princess Irene of the Netherlands taking part in a national horse show held at The Hague on August 16. She rode the course without a single fault and is reported to have rewarded her mount, *Atalia*, with sugar-lumps. Princess Irene, who is the second daughter of Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, was born on August 5, 1939, and had accordingly only recently celebrated her thirteenth birthday.



AT THE NATIONAL PONY SHOW: *ACK ACK*, LORD DIGBY'S STALLION, WHICH WON THE "COUNTRY LIFE" TROPHY FOR THE BEST POLO-BRED STALLION OR COLT. The National Pony Society, of which Lord Digby is the president, held its two-day show at Roehampton on August 13 and 14. There were great numbers of classes and an impressive number of ponies on show. The first day was devoted to polo-bred ponies, riding ponies and children's ponies, while the second day saw the judging of the Moorland and Highland ponies, in which there were no fewer than 48 separate classes. The Princess Margaret Trophy was won by Mr. Lamont's stallion, *Glengarry III*.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

**D**IVIDING fiction into categories is an attractive game, and useful if we don't believe in it too much. Of course, whatever system one may choose—and there are combinations without end—the lines are arbitrary and the specimens will overlap. Still, it is one way of arriving at some true ideas. This week, I want to postulate that there are three compartments: creative, personal and journalistic. It looks like a descending scale—as though "creative" fiction must rank highest, and so on. And in the abstract, probably it does. But in a given case there is no rule; novels may be creative on the lowest plane, or in the dimmest way, while "journalistic" novels may be first-rate. "The Sugar House," by Antonia White (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.)—really the starting-point of these ideas—has an unusual quality and charm. Yet it is not at all of the creative order; it is strictly personal. By which I mean, not that the incidents are drawn from life, but that the writer's own experience, her own emotions are directly given, and, indeed, are all in all.

Just as we should expect, of course. It was the same in *The Lost Traveller*, and this is really the same book. Here we meet Clara further on the road, a road which still seems to be getting nowhere. She has fallen in love; she has become an actress in a touring company. And both are visibly dead ends. Her best hope of the hollow and romantic Stephen is—not a true return—but that some day, if she kow-tows assiduously, he will let her marry him. As for the stage, it is a job and an escape from home, but nothing else. Her one, frustrated yearning is to be a writer; and almost all her efforts are engulfed in panic from the word go.

It is just then that Archie reappears. Clara was once engaged to him—at the worst moment of her life. He is an overgrown, arrested boy; he is a freak, an innocent; and he is good, far better than herself. . . . But it is inconceivable that she should love him; it is mere nature for her to despise him, in a kindly way. And yet for freedom's sake, when love and Stephen are exploded, she becomes his wife. They rent a little house in Chelsea which is beyond their means, which is deceitful, grimy, even sinister on a close view—but in which Clara fancied she could work. That hope was a mirage. Wifehood itself was a mirage; Archie is her devoted worshipper, but he is not a husband. They are always broke, and debts pile up at speed. Archie is pathologically feckless; Clara is sinking into a neurotic slut. Faced with her shrewish gloom, Archie has no resource but to get drunk. Their life is utterly unreal, it is destroying them both; and yet, since both are Catholics, it is for ever. Or she believes it is. . . .

Most novels are emotionally languid. Here everything comes through; the hopelessness of the predicament, the vain goodwill, the pathological inertia, the work-neurosis—all are intensely felt. Clara, who matters most, is drawn with a severe sympathy: Archie with generous compassion. And it is not a dreary book; it is too live, and too agreeable in tone.

"The Burgomaster of Furnes," by Georges Simenon (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 10s. 6d.), like all that M. Simenon produces, is "creative" work, as far as it goes. How far that is, I feel incapable of judging; for I should say that it was always roughly the same length, which is, of course, improbable. On that account I rather hesitate to mention a new trend, which must be very faint, if real. Yet it half strikes me that a tinge of mellowness is creeping in. . . .

But certainly with great reserve. Joris Terlinck, the Burgomaster of this novel, is a man of iron, as undefeatable as a steam-roller. He is the despot of his town, his household and his tearful wife. Only the idiot girl, his daughter, sees a different man—and it is all the same to her.

And now a boy is dead, a girl has been turned out of doors, because Terlinck had no compassion on them. There was no reason why he should. And what disturbs him afterwards is not remorse, but a slight case of haunting. It starts with the dead boy; it turns into the ghost, or figment, of another life. Day after day he seeks the banished Lina at Ostend. There he is passive, liberated, humble. . . . His business drifts, his civic tyranny is threatened, and he doesn't care; only the shadow-life has any charm. But it is just a figment after all. His own grim destiny is fixed, and he would scorn to rat on it in the last lap.

Oddly enough, he is a sympathetic figure at both ends. Even his callousness has some appeal; it is a ruthless honesty of mind, grafted on an unbending pessimism.

"Moab Is My Washpot," by E. G. Cousins (Benn; 12s. 6d.), the story of a middle-aged British officer serving in Italy with A.M.G., is journalistic with a dash of personal. At first it promises extremely well—as though we should be told a lot, in an intelligent and lively style, by a good-natured, capable observer, through an exciting story. And for some time the promise is fulfilled. Larry, the hero, is a man of sense, combining love of rule with excellent intentions, just as he ought. And in his first job at Paura, in the typhoid epidemic, he has a fine supporting cast. The alcoholic Governor and his harem, and the egregious policeman Tiley, are almost too mad to be true. But when he leaves for his own province, the narrative is wrenched apart, and no succeeding episodes make it whole again. Thenceforth we are assisting at a meal of crumbs. Also, one grows a little weary of the man himself, with his invariable rightness and his high-minded, scrupulous philandering.

In "Tread Lightly, Angel," by Stephen Ransome (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), the firm of Cole and Speare have been engaged to shadow a young girl named Ellice Kent, and to elucidate her mental anguish. She has apparently a loving and united home. Her father is an artist, gentle and retiring, with a lively stepdaughter, and a devoted manager and patron in his second wife. Millie supports and loves them all, but Ellice is her special pet. Yet there is something preying on the girl's mind; and when the worst has happened, it is still a secret.

The plot, as usual, errs on the clever side, and eavesdropping is now a large part of the Cole technique. Schy has become addicted to a hearing aid, and finds it a great help. But once again, it is a brilliant and ingenious story.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

**S**IX—and eighty-six.

These are the respective ages of the winners of this week's games, both played by post and neither, I fear, reflecting great credit on the loser.

Andresin Garcia is a chubby-faced, beady-eyed Spanish boy, who has certainly wasted no time in reaching the headlines. He can neither read nor write, but understands chess and chess notation very well indeed. He was White in the following game, played recently.

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
1. P-K4	P-K4	7. Kt-K3	B×Kt
2. Kt-KB3	P-Q3	8. Q×B	Q-B3
3. B-B4	B-Kt5	9. Q-R3	Kt-K2
4. Kt-B3	Q-B3?	10. P-Q3	P-QKt4
5. Kt-Q5	Q-Q1	11. Kt-Kt4	Q-Kt3
6. Castles	P-QB3		



12. P-B4! ? P×B? 13. P-B5 Kt×P.  
The black queen has no refuge.

14. P×Kt Q×Kt 15. Q×Q Resigns

Mrs. Vine, mother of the well-known Hampshire player, Leslie Vine, is just eighty years older than Andresin Garcia. Almost simultaneously with the above game took place the following (in the English Counties Correspondence Chess Championship). It is an object-lesson in methodical development of the pieces. Mrs. Vine was Black.

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
1. P-K4	P-K4	11. QKt-Kt1	R-K1
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	12. Kt-K2	B-QB4
3. Kt-B3	Kt-B3	13. Castles	K-R2
4. B-B4	Kt×P	14. Kt-Kt3	KR-B1
5. B×Pch	K×B	15. P-QKt4	B-Q3
6. Kt×Kt	P-Q4	16. P-KR3?	B×Kt
7. QKt-Kt5ch	K-Kt1	17. P×B	Q×P
8. P-Q3	P-KR3	18. P-Q4	P-K5!
9. Kt-R3	B-KKt5	19. P×P	QR×P
10. P-QB3	Q-Q2	20. Q-Q3	B×Kt

White resigns, for if 21. P×B, R×R mate, whilst if 21. Q×B, R-Kt5 wins the queen.

There is just space left for the score of the most remarkable postal chess game ever played (from a Swiss contest in 1938):

KRAUS	COSTIN	KRAUS	COSTIN
1. P-Q4	P-QB4	5. Kt-B3	P-Q3
2. P×P	Q-R4ch	6. Kt-Q5	Kt-K2?
3. Kt-QB3	Q×BP	7. P-QKt4!	Resigns!
4. P-K4	P-K4		

. . . with justification, for Black's queen is lost; if 7. . . Q-B3 (the only escape-square uncovered at the moment) then 8. B-Kt5, Q×B; 9. Kt-B7ch and 10. Kt×Q.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## AMERICANA.

**F**EMINISTS, for some curious reason, have never made much of the fact that the best detective story-writers in this country are all women—dispirited, perhaps, by the vast fields, including membership of Parliament and cooking, where the "equality of the sexes" is demonstrably untrue. That is to say, there is no man (or so it seems to me, if I may be permitted for a moment to encroach on my colleague in the neighbouring column) who can hold a candle to Mesdames Agatha Christie, Dorothy Sayers and Ngaio Marsh—three ladies who, alas, seem to be becoming increasingly less prolific with their pens. It was a joy, therefore, to discover in my house recently an old Ngaio Marsh miraculously unread. While this provided unauthorised week-end fare, my business reading, as it were, included "The Pinkerton Story," by James D. Horan and Howard Swiggett (Heinemann; 18s.),

the history of a hundred years of the most remarkable private detective agency in the world. The truths contained in the records of Pinkertons are even more remarkable than the fiction thought up by the admirable ladies I have mentioned—for, in addition to every type of crime, there is a dash of espionage and counter-espionage and the basis for any number of my favourite "Western" films. The early operations of the agency were indeed mainly concerned with providing a law enforcement society at a time when the rapidly expanding youthful nation, the United States, had little law and still less order in its border lands. The early part of this book is in the best possible "Western" tradition. The bell clangs. The wood-burning engine slowly chuffs into motion. The two- or three-coach train sways and rattles over the narrow-gauge track through forest and across prairie. The hard-faced men rise silently from their places in the passenger cars. While some of them cover the passengers with their Colts, others make their way forward to hold up the driver and the fireman and uncouple the freight car containing the bullion. The car slows to a halt at just the right point in the track, where the accomplices, with spare horses, are waiting. There are corrupt or intimidated sheriffs hindering, rather than helping, the administration of the law. There are the exasperated law-abiding citizens of a terrorised countryside slipping quietly, red-masked, from homestead to homestead, the gathering of these purposeful men on horseback, the breaking into the local gaol, the nooses deftly slung over beam or tree-bough and the grotesquely jerking bodies. We seem to have seen it all—and in "glorious Technicolor"—but the difference is that these are not the imaginings of a Hollywood script-writer. They are taken from the files of the Pinkerton Agency. The Pinkerton men had to do everything required by the studios of Mr. Gary Cooper—plus the prosaic job of recovering the stolen goods for their clients. As the authors say: "The Pinkerton Chicago office was the Central Intelligence of the whole war against the outlaws. From it men were sent out, often voluntarily, to go in pursuit of criminals: pursuits where they had to be ready to shoot it out alone against a ring of foes in a bar in Abilene or Cripple Creek, or to ride the ranges and the prairies for weeks or even months." I am not, alas, too pleased with the authors for one thing. For they inform me that "Not all [outlaws and train robbers] wore cowboy sombreros and six-shooters at their hips. A large number wore bowlers, spats, diamond tie-pins and conservative blue suits. And they weren't all dead shots. The aim of many was miserable." The story of the early Pinkerton detectives is to my mind much more impressive than the later tale of the modern agency, with its extensive files, finger-print libraries and smooth-running organisation. In many cases, as I say, the law on the spot was against them. This, while it added to their difficulties, makes the story of their courage and ingenuity the more fascinating. While Allan Pinkerton organised a good-enough espionage service for the North against the South (one of his most courageous operators was hung by the Confederates at Richmond), and while he was engaged to track down the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, as an intelligence officer to the enigmatic Northern general, McClellan, he seems to have been a pretty fair failure. However, in this long history of a hundred-years detection this was one of the few occasions on which the Pinkertons failed. The successes, set out here, are most exciting reading.

"Shooting it out" with a ring of foes in a bar in Abilene brings home vividly the newness of America and some of the strands which go to make up the American character. For Abilene is General Eisenhower's home town, and the events described could have taken place in his parents' lifetime. Ex-President Hoover, in the "Hoover Memoirs: 1874-1920" (Hollis and Carter; 30s.), is at great pains to stress the "300-year gap" which separates Americans from the Europe to escape whose religious, political or social beliefs most of their ancestors came to the New World. The old "dinosaur" isolationism of which Mr. Hoover is the embodiment is dead, but the fundamental differences remain, and it does no good to the great cause of American-European co-operation to attempt to slur or ignore them. Mr. Hoover, whose name will be remembered for his noble relief work in Europe in World War One, long after his unfortunate Presidency is forgotten, writes engagingly and revealingly.

Another fundamental difference of outlook is revealed in "Lafayette," by David Loth (Casell; 21s.). To any serious European historian Lafayette must appear as one of the greatest and most pompous asses of history—nearly always wrong, or, if he was right, right at the wrong time. To an American he is a legendary figure, the warm-hearted lover of liberty and the gallant soldier whom Washington regarded as a son. Mr. Loth's book, though not very serious history, and a little naïve, as becomes one who can make a hero out of Lafayette, is pleasant and agreeable reading.

A serious study of its subject is "Changeable Scenery," by Richard Southern (Faber; 63s.). This description of the origin and development of scenery in the British theatre is by an acknowledged authority. It is made interesting for the general reader, and is, I should imagine, indispensable for the student of the theatre.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

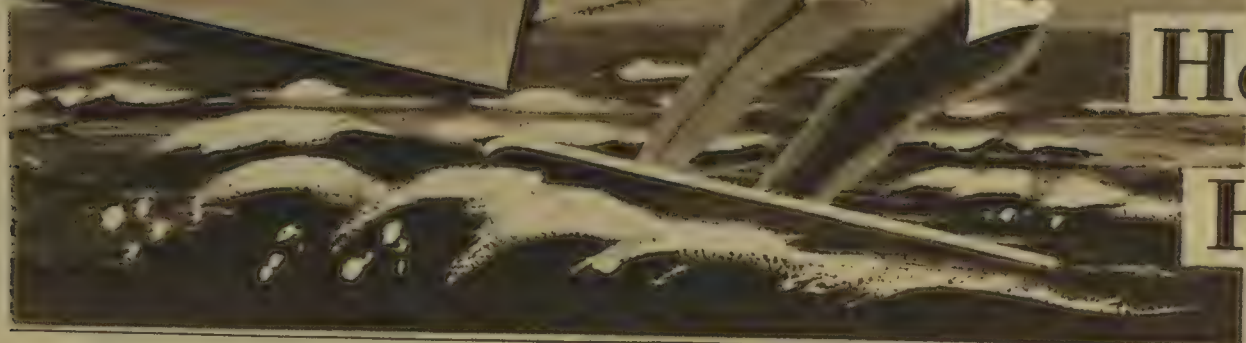


Schweppshire Post, 1952



'Post's' Peephole  
on Schweppshire  
in Shirtsleeves

Happy  
Holidays  
are  
Here!



HOPS DESTROYED BY LIGHTNING

## CROWD WASHED OUT

By Freak Storm

SEA SCOUTS MAROONED IN COVE

Crops are now past sal-  
vation in many parts of  
Schweppshire. The holiday  
sporting programme has  
been ruined and the roads  
were crowded yesterday  
with disappointed holiday-  
makers trooping back from  
flooded coastal resorts and  
bathing beaches where giant  
waves have wrecked bathing  
huts and spread an amazing  
melée of condemned slot  
machines, deck quoits,  
old second-hand bathing

towels and retired naval men  
five hundred yards inland.

### Setting Lotion in Cream Buns

RESORTS WARNED

Many little ones were taken  
to hospital after the Orphans'  
Outing last Wednesday. Each  
had eaten only fifteen of  
these confections when the  
leader of the troop com-  
plained that she was unable  
to remove her Bröwnie  
sombbrero.

### GRISLY FIND

IN FESTIVAL  
"WELL OF TRUTH"

Human Jawbone lodged in Wall

Foul Play Suspected

Amateur detectives were  
wondering whether there was  
any connection between this  
incident and the finding of an  
unidentified gold tooth in a  
margarine tin in Schwepton  
Mallet Reservoir.

## Bungalow Blaze

NEXT TO PETROL STORE

Dissatisfied bathing-ma-  
chine attendants have put  
the charming little coves of  
East Schweppshire under a

reign of terror during the past  
fortnight. Peaceful holiday-  
makers have been premed-  
itatedly attacked with knotted  
bathing costumes or pelted  
with old cuttlefish by inflam-  
ed malcontents.

## Quadruple Crash

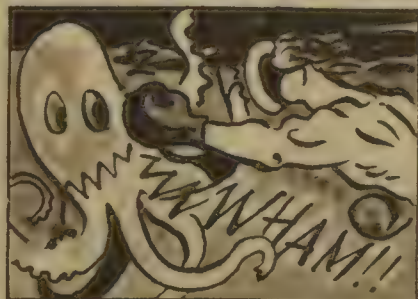
HOLIDAY CHARABANC  
BUCKLED

Boy Buried Head Down  
in Sand Castle—Will Survive

Four hours' artificial re-  
spiration were administered  
to Tony Rössl, recently cut  
out of wealthy uncle's will.  
Ailing Rössl had earlier been  
shaken when with thirteen  
other little ones he narrow-  
ly escaped cliff fall on Lido  
of Schweppington-Schwuper-  
Mare.

### INSPECTOR STRAIGHTLEFT

No. 483



## MORRIS DANCING round Schweppherd's Bush

In Midsummer Months  
the Holland House (Acton)  
Society moves from leafy  
Lime Grove for the green  
oasis in whose greater  
spaciousness the difficult 5/4  
and complex 10/66 rhythms  
are interestingly attempted  
(G.Schwort, F.R.Z.S., on right)

don't let { Chilled Feet, Hangover,  
Sting-ray blisters,  
Purple-patch', Sunburn,  
Heat Palsy  
take the edge  
off your Holiday  
smile with PP Antischweppitic

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him





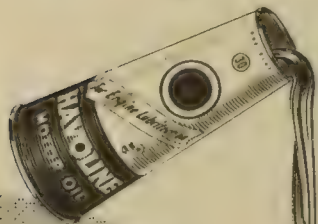
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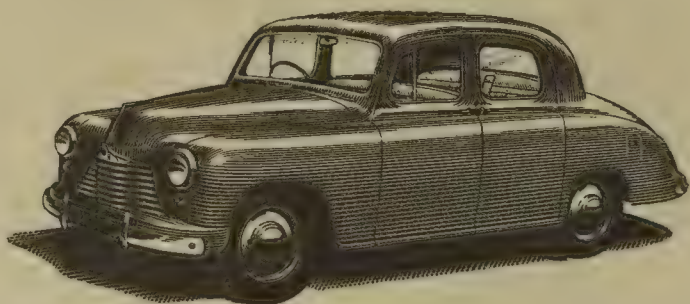
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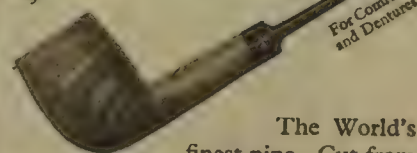
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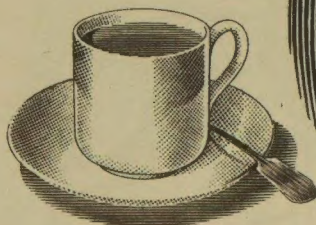
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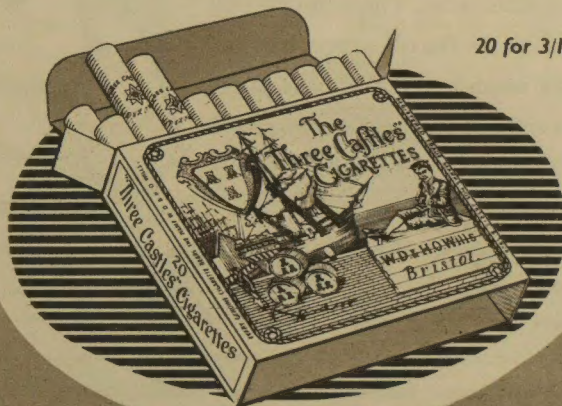


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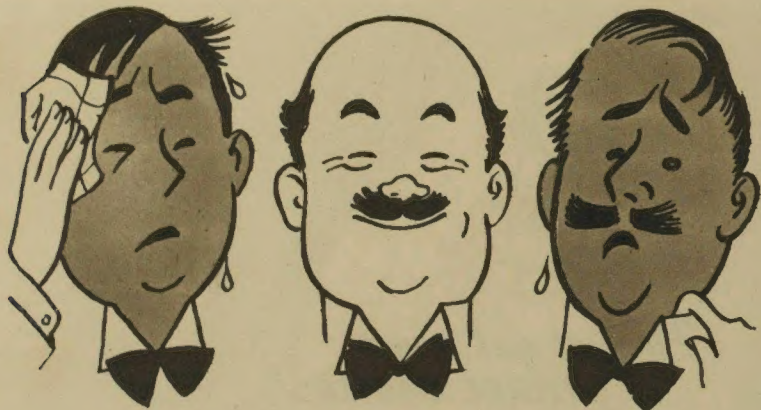
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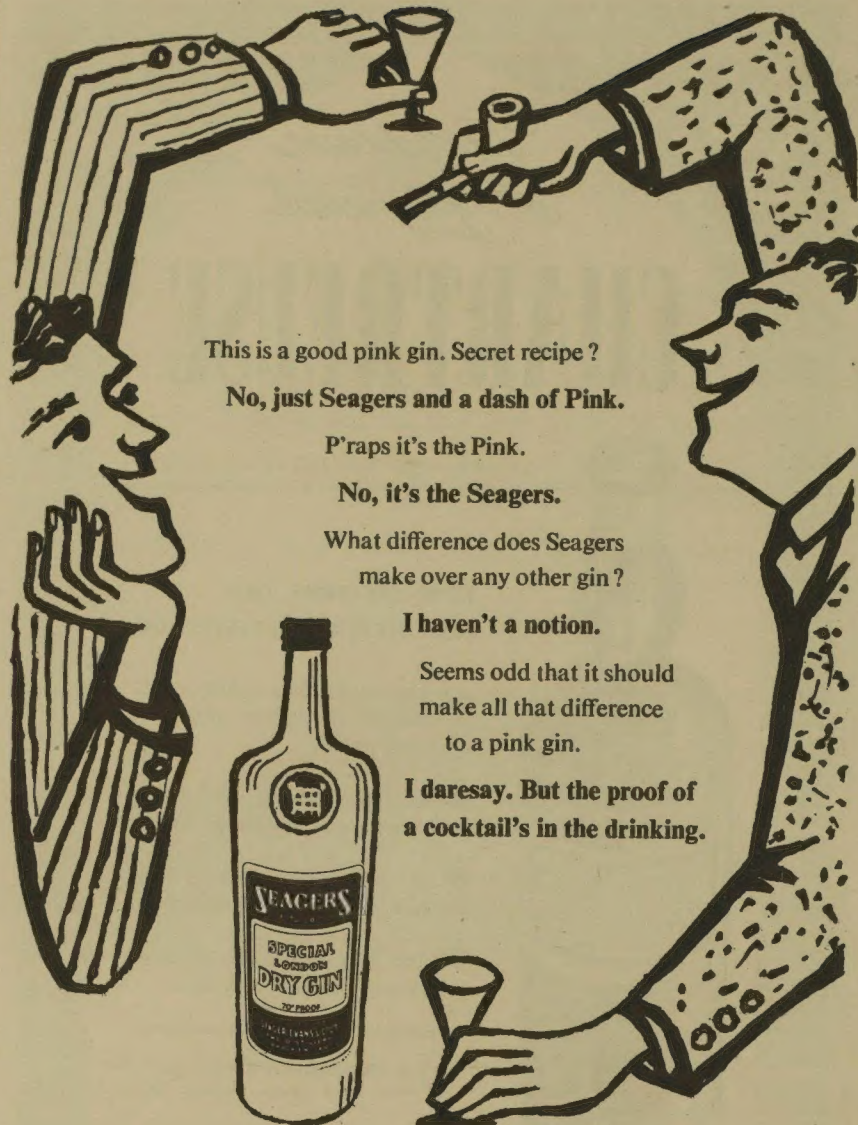
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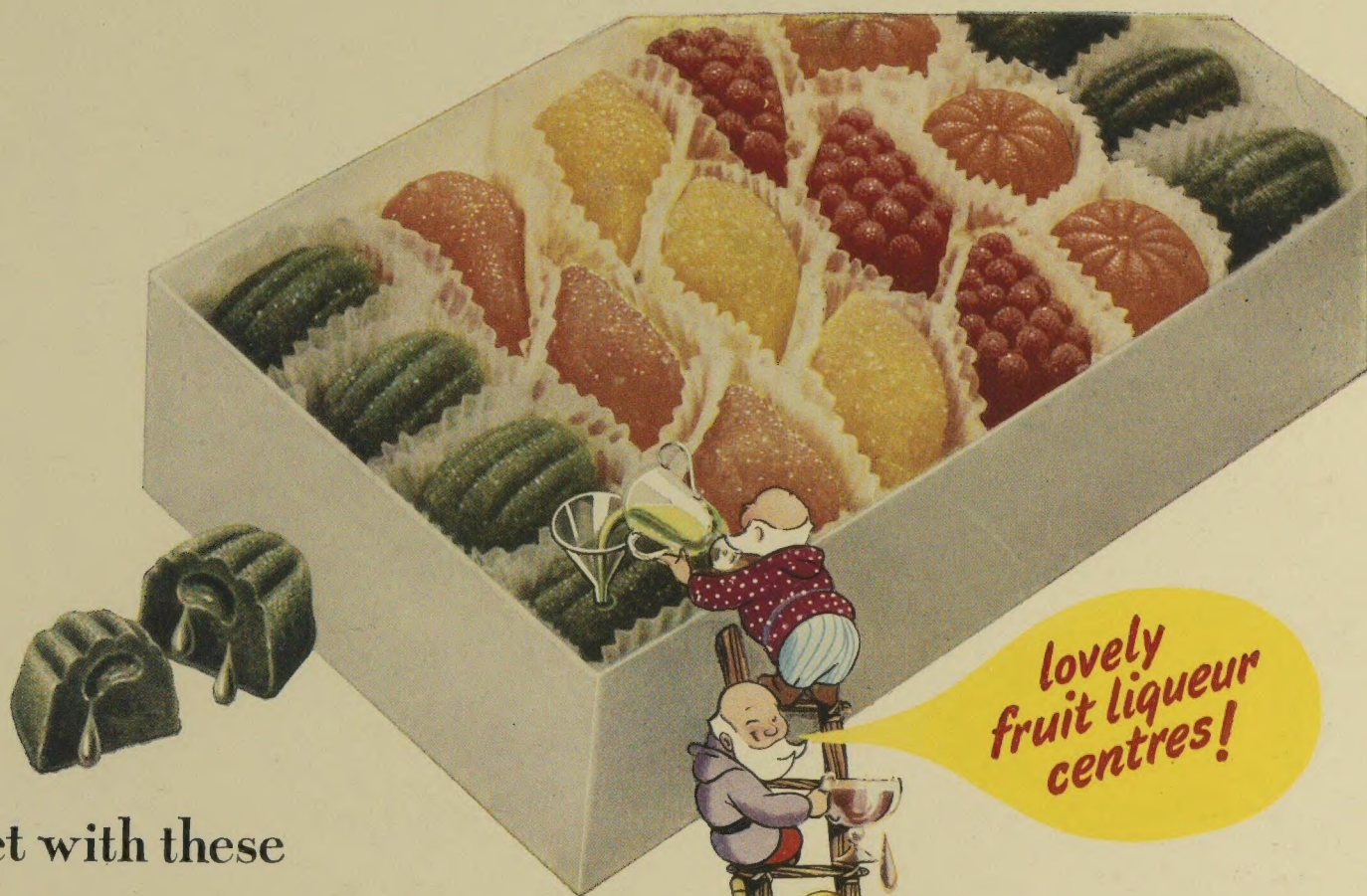
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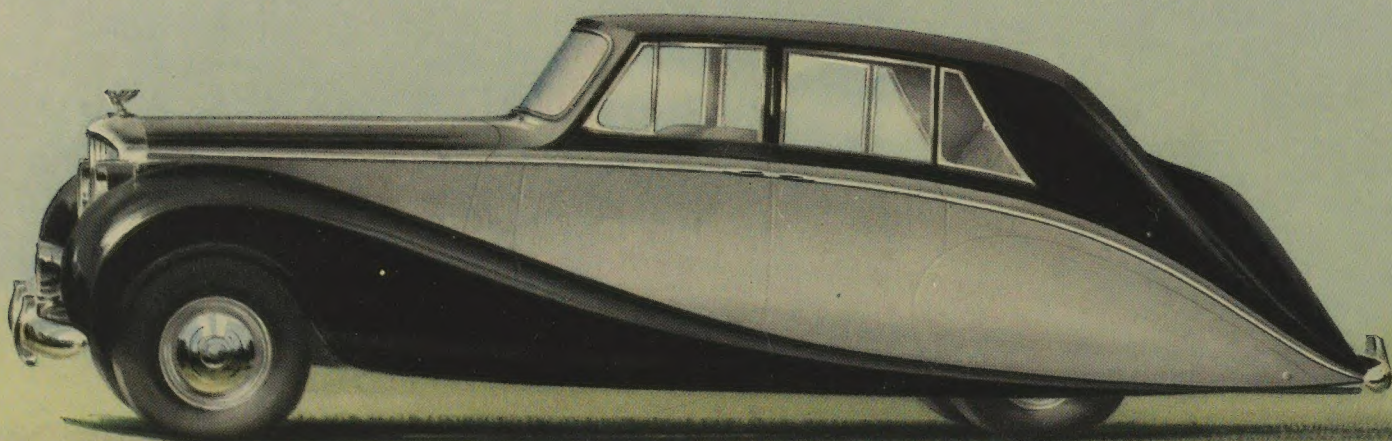
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